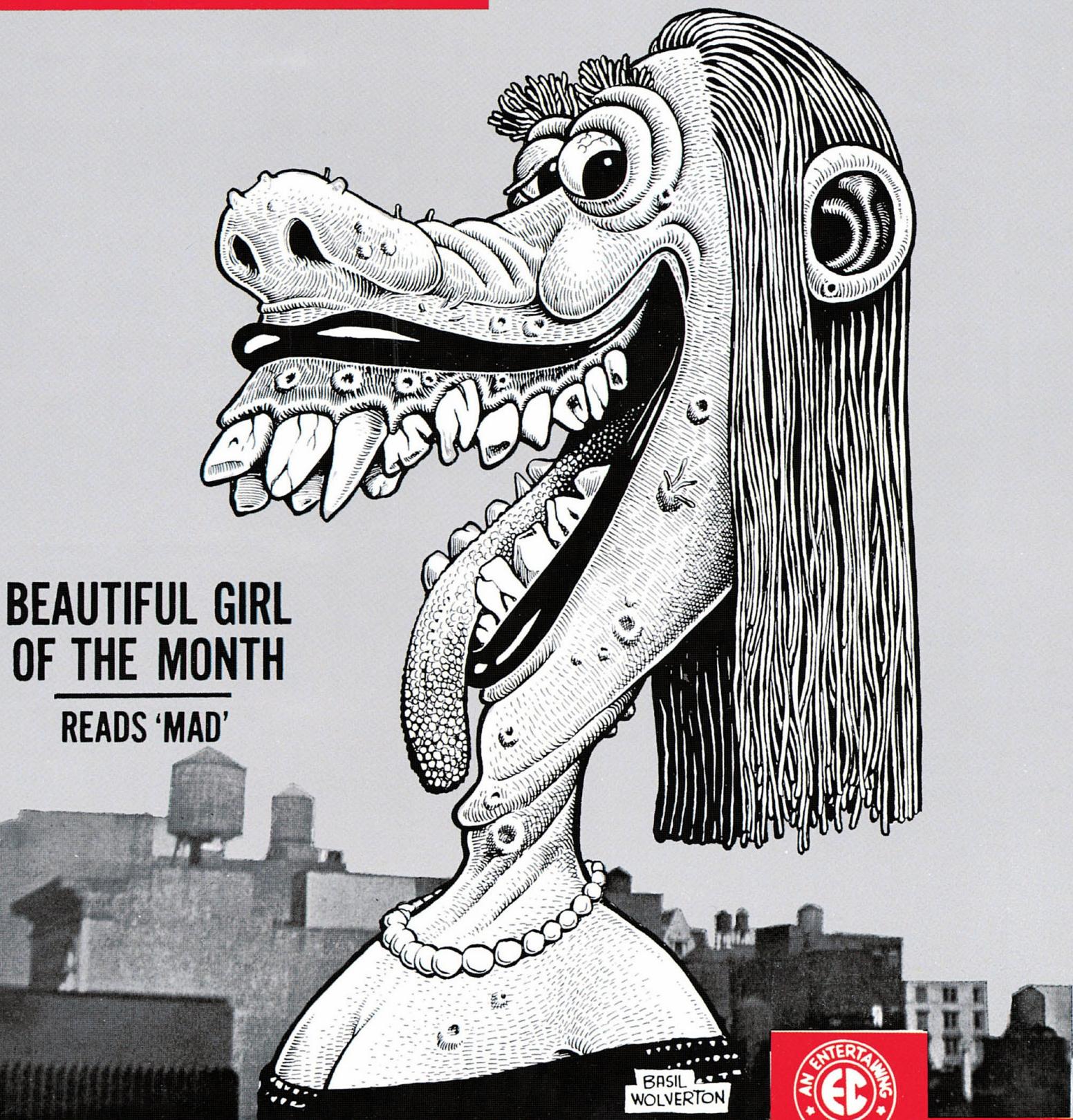


MAD

HUMOR IN A
JUGULAR VEIN—10¢



BEAUTIFUL GIRL
OF THE MONTH

READS 'MAD'

BASIL
WOLVERTON



TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU . . .

NUMBER 11...MAY

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!... COMPARE THE TWO MAGAZINES ABOVE!... WHICH ONE IS THE DIRTY IMITATION? MANY OF OUR COMPETITORS ARE PUTTING OUT MAGAZINES THAT ARE IMITATIONS... FILTHY UNAMERICAN SWIPES OF **MAD MAGAZINE ... IF YOU WANT TO AVOID IMITATIONS... MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST...**

First... roll up a **MAD** magazine! Light it! Take a couple puffs! ...Notice how slowly the paper burns!... Notice how gently it sets your head on fire!



...Now, take any other magazine and light it!... Notice the oily brown poisonous coloring of the smoke... the hotness of the melted staples on your tongue!



...Yes...once you make this test, we guarantee you will never smoke an imitation magazine again... You will never do nuttin' ever again!



REMEMBER!... MAD IS MILD... MUCH MILDER!

SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.: WELL... HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER MISERABLE ISSUE OF MAD! GATHER 'ROUND, YOU MAD READERS!... PULL UP YOUR TOADSTOOLS AND WET-ROCKS AND GET NICE AND COZY... THAT'S RIGHT SETTLE DOWN WHERE IT'S NICE AND DANK AND WE'LL TELL YOU A STORY WE CALL...

FLESH GARDEN!



THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH US EARTHLINGS!... WE ALWAYS ASSUME THAT ALIEN CREATURES ARE HOSTILE!... I REFUSE TO KILL SAID ALIEN CREATURE IN THE BELIEF IT IS HOSTILE!... I WILL KILL IT JUST FOR FUN!

WAIT, FLESH!

... FLESH, DARLING... EVEN THOUGH YOU GO TO CERTAIN DEATH, MY LOVE IS SO GREAT, I SHALL GO TO FIGHT THE ALIEN CREATURE WITH YOU!

YOU SHALL STAY!

I SHALL GO!

...STAY!

...GO!

O.K.!... GO!... HERE'S MY SWORD!... NO SENSE IN BOTH OF US GETTING KILT!



ON SECOND THOUGHT... I SUDDENLY REALIZE IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT I SAVE DOCTOR ZARK!

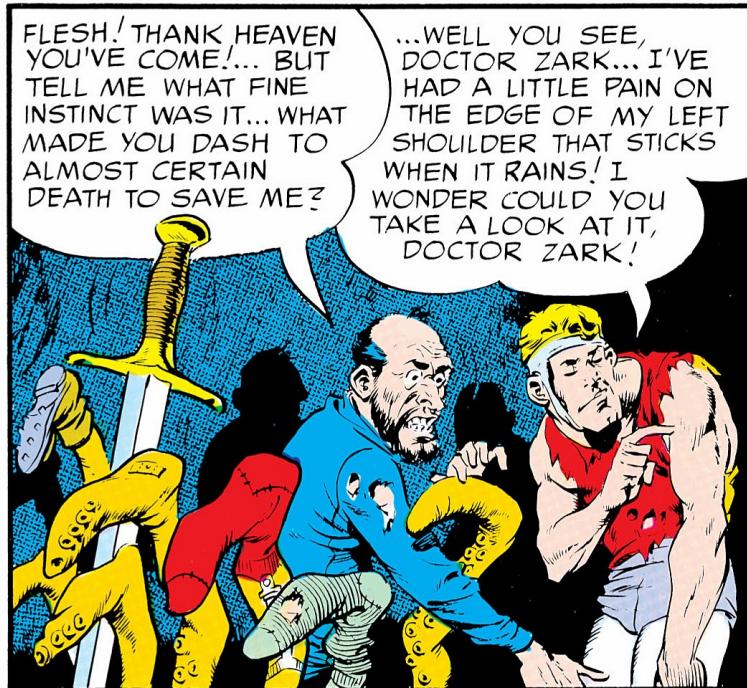
I'M COMING TO SAVE YOU, NOAH! I'M COMING TO SAVE YOU, DOCTOR NOAH ZARK!

KLASH!
KRING!
STAB

STAB

FLESH! THANK HEAVEN YOU'VE COME!... BUT TELL ME WHAT FINE INSTINCT WAS IT... WHAT MADE YOU DASH TO ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH TO SAVE ME?

...WELL YOU SEE, DOCTOR ZARK... I'VE HAD A LITTLE PAIN ON THE EDGE OF MY LEFT SHOULDER THAT STICKS WHEN IT RAINS! I WONDER COULD YOU TAKE A LOOK AT IT, DOCTOR ZARK!



LOOK, KID!... NO FREE CONSULTATIONS! I GOT REGULAR OFFICE HOURS FROM 12:00 TO 2:00 AT FIVE BUCKS A VISIT!

ENOUGH GLUM-BEATING, ZARK!... WE'VE GOT TO GO FIND OUR ROCKET SHIP... WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO GET BACK TO EARTH!

EEE!... FLESH!... LOOK!... COMING OUT OF THE WATER... A NAUSEATING, SLIME-OOZING, KNIFE-TOOTHED ZORK!



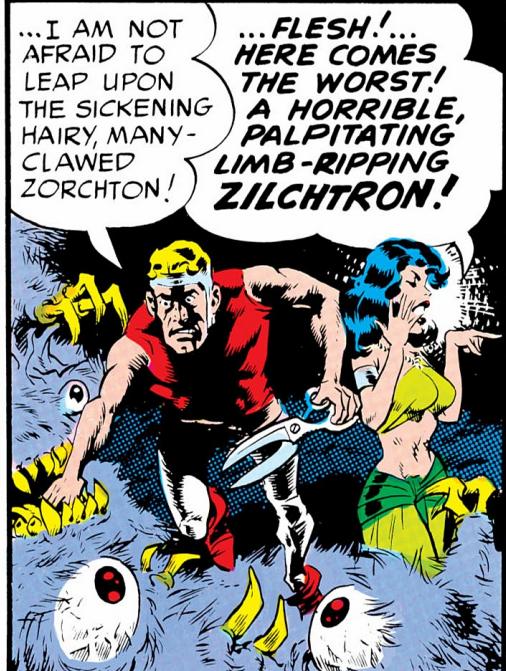
HAVE NO FEAR! I AM NOT AFRAID OF THE NAUSEATING, SLIME-OOZING, KNIFE-TOOTHED ZORK!

BUT FLESH!... WAIT A MINUTE!... CRAWLING OUT OF THAT CREVICE!... A SICKENING, HAIRY, MANY-CLAWED ZORCHTON!



...I AM NOT AFRAID TO LEAP UPON THE SICKENING HAIRY, MANY-CLAWED ZORCHTON!

...FLESH!... HERE COMES THE WORST! A HORRIBLE, PALPITATING LIMB-RIPPING ZILCHTRON!



...NOR DO I HESITATE TO COME TO GRIPS WITH THE HORRIBLE PALPITATING, LIMB-RIPPING ZILCHTRON!

ZUK! ZUK! ZUK!

WHAT?... ANOTHER MONSTER?... A ZUK?



NO, FLESH! DALE IS MERELY CHOKING ON A PEACH PIT!

NOW, SINCE ALL THE MONSTERS ARE CONQUERED, WE CAN GO LOOK FOR A ROCKET SHIP!

NO! ALL IS LOST! LOOK UP AHEAD!... I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO CONQUER THIS!



GOOD LORD!

...WHY, FLESH?
WHAT KIND OF
A MONSTER
CAN IT BE
THIS TIME
THAT FINALLY
MAKES YOU
AFRAID, WHITE
AND
TREMBLING?

...A COCKAROACH! IF IT'S
ONE THING I CAN'T STAND, IT'S
COCKAROACHES! SOME
PEOPLE CAN'T STAND SNAKES...
OTHERS CAN'T STAND BIRDS...
I CAN'T STAND COCKAROACHES!

...OOLP!
...I'M
NAUSEOUS!

FLESH, DARLING!
MY LOVE IS SO
GREAT, I WILL
STAY WITH YOU!



GO AHEAD, DALE ... DR. ZARK!
YOU TWO RUN AHEAD! I'LL
FOLLOW UP AND PROTECT
THE REAR!



IT'S NO USE, FLESH!... THE HAWK-
MEN FLY SWIFTER THAN BIRDS
AND THEN THEY SWOOP DOWN
FROM BEHIND AND SPEAR A
RUNNING MAN WITH THEIR
LONG, SHARP PIKES!



I THINK I GO AHEAD AND LEAD
THE WAY THROUGH THIS UN-
KNOWN COUNTRY! YOU AND
DALE FOLLOW UP AND PRO-
TECT MY REAR!



THERE'S NO
USE RUNNING,
FLESH! LET US
MAKE A LAST
STAND HERE!
AFTER ALL, DO
WE CHOOSE
TO BE EN-
SLAVED
FOREVER
BY THE HAWK-
MEN RATHER
THAN DIE A
HEROIC DEATH?

...YOU
BET
WE
DO!
LOOK,
FLESH!
LOOK,
LOOK!

KAMERAD!

WHITE
FLAG!

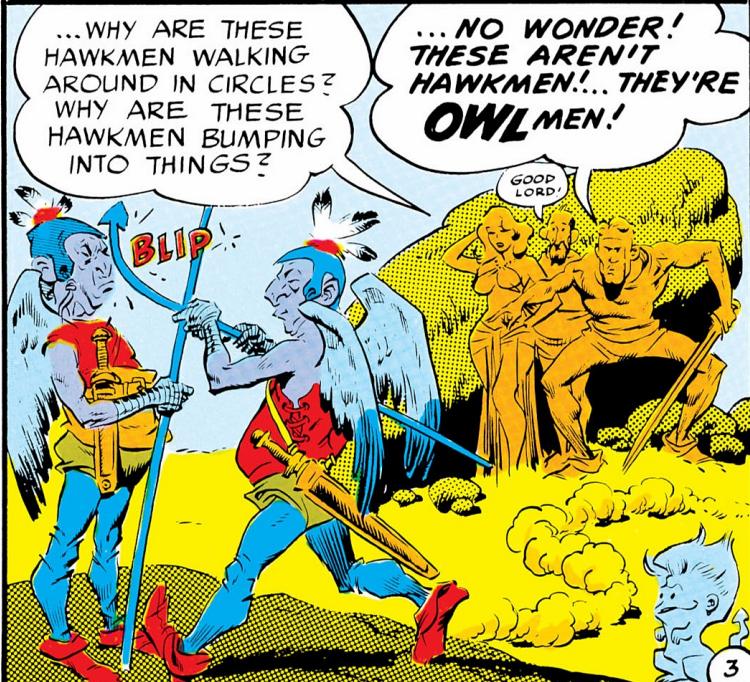
KLOP

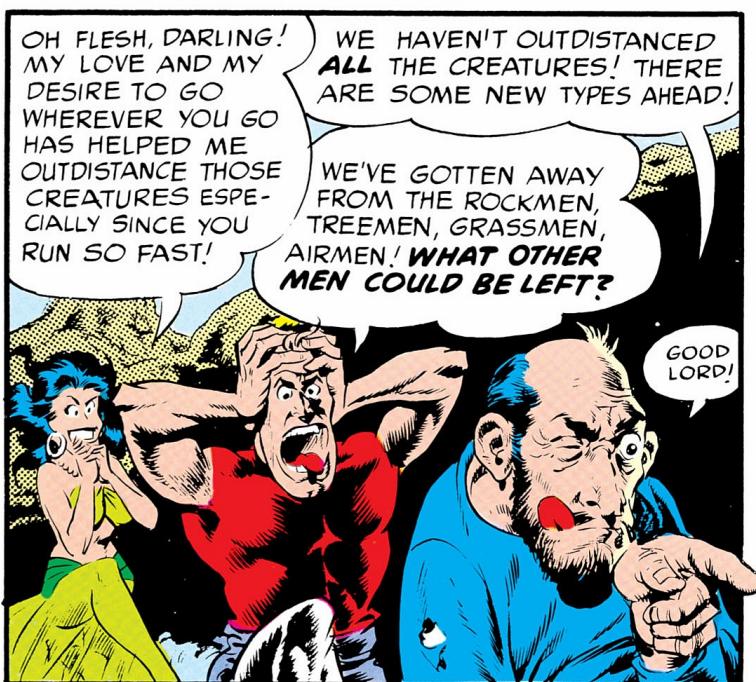
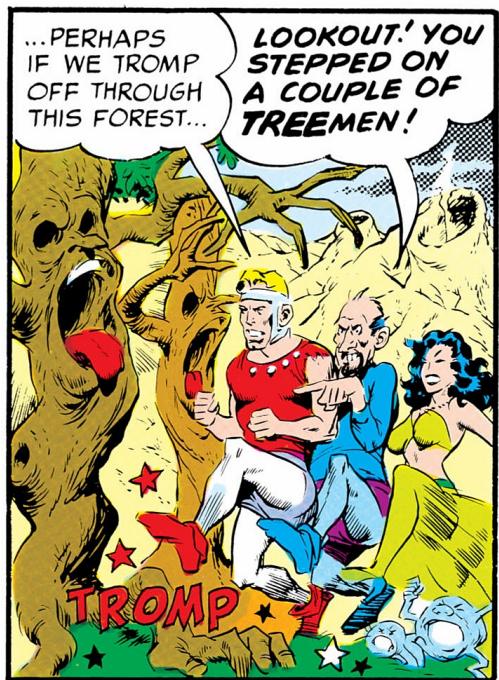
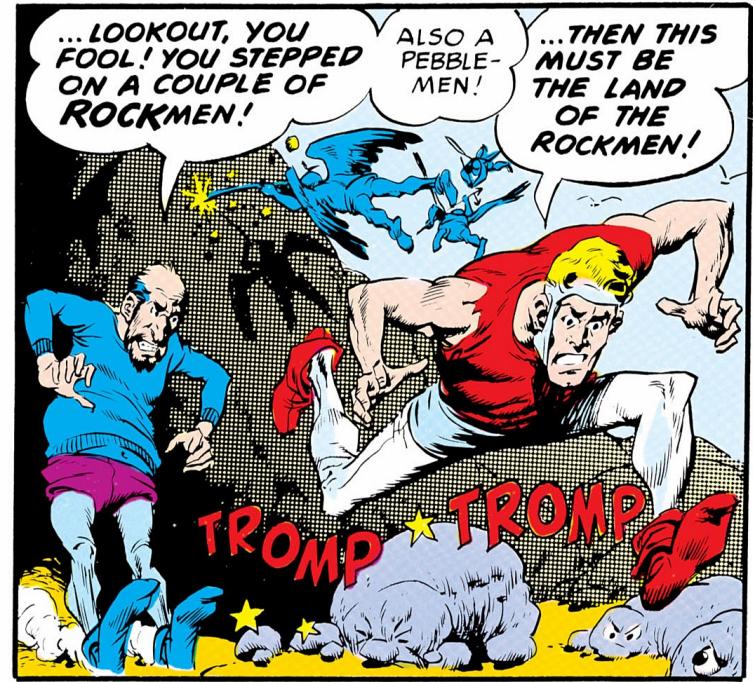


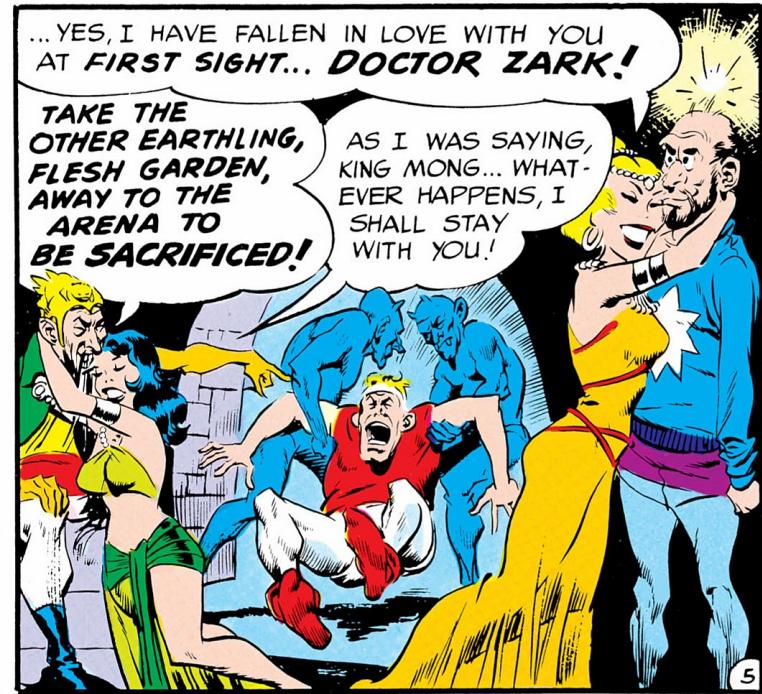
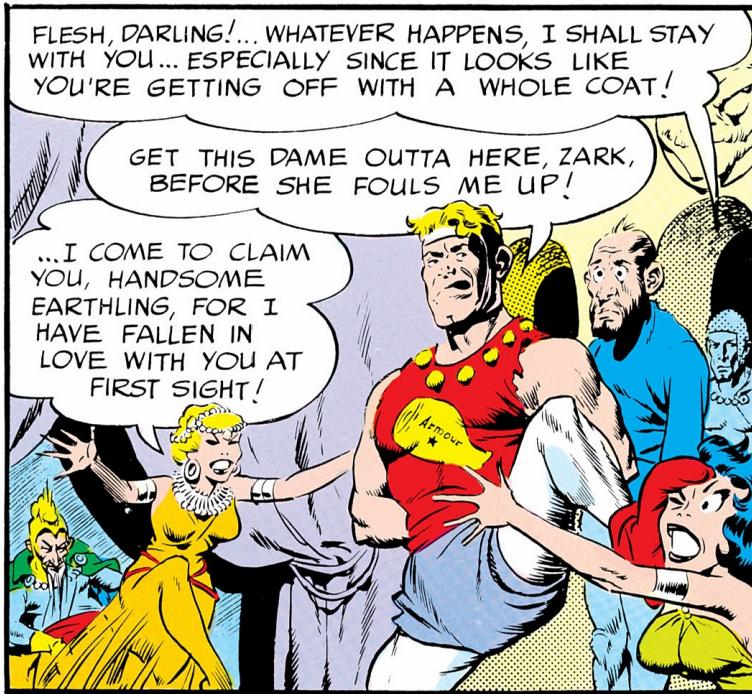
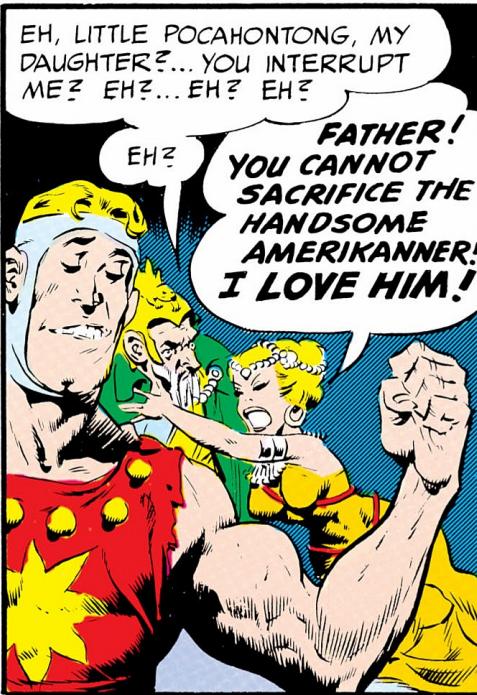
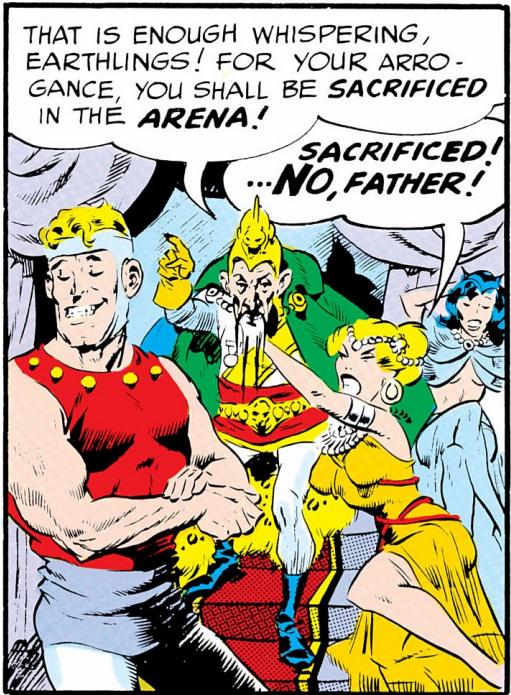
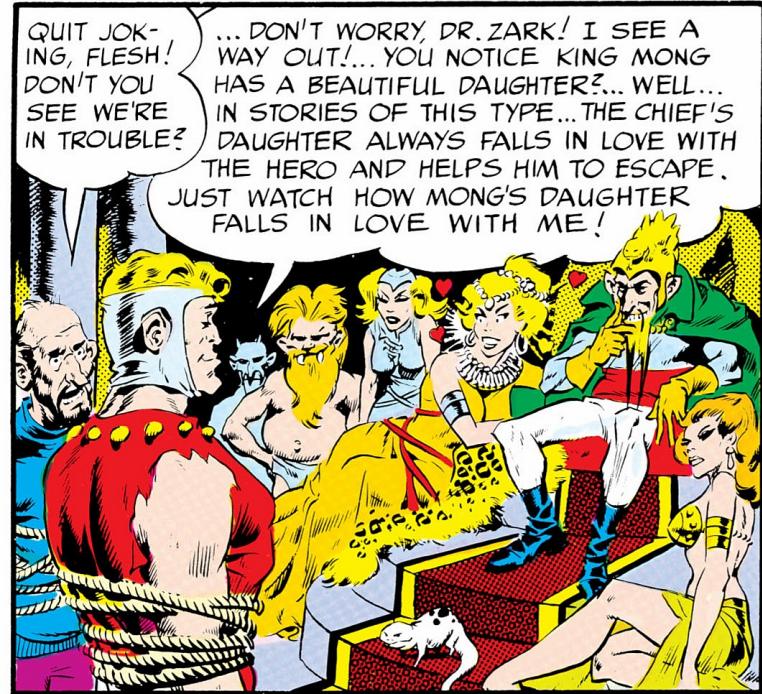
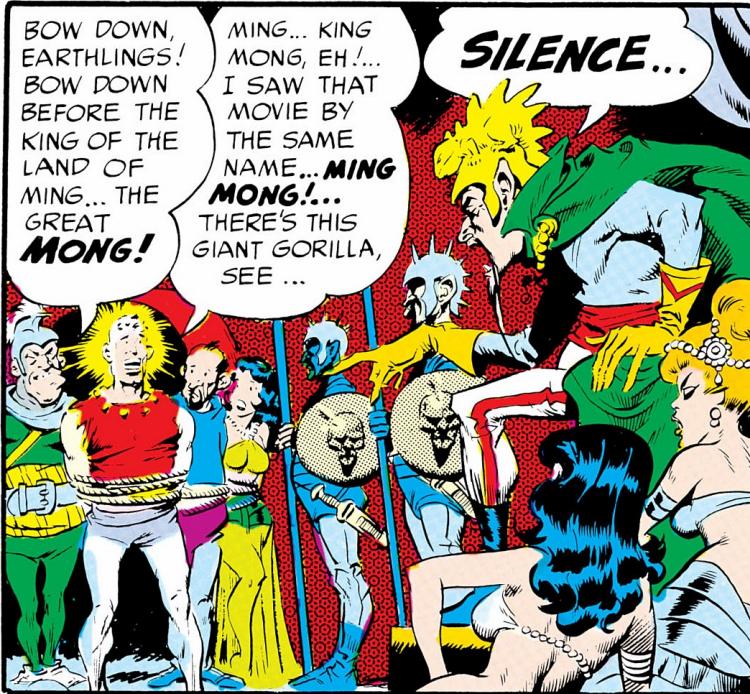
...WHY ARE THESE
HAWKMEN WALKING
AROUND IN CIRCLES?
WHY ARE THESE
HAWKMEN BUMPING
INTO THINGS?

...NO WONDER!
THESE AREN'T
HAWKMEN!... THEY'RE
OWL MEN!

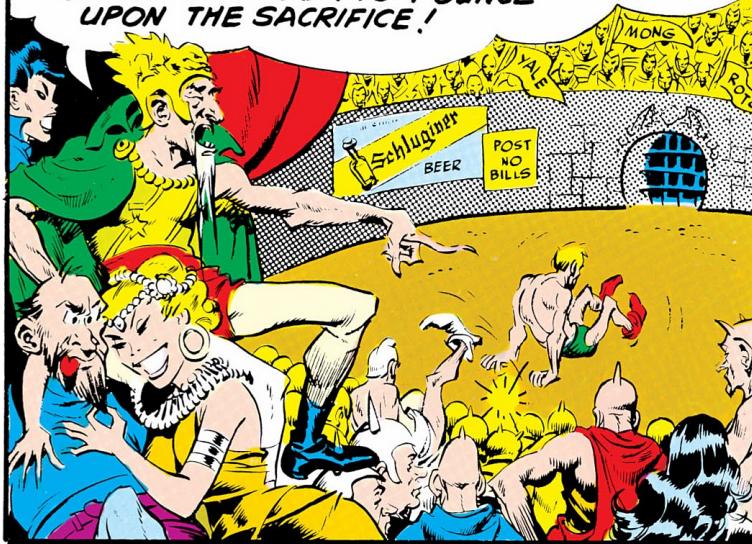
GOOD
LORD!



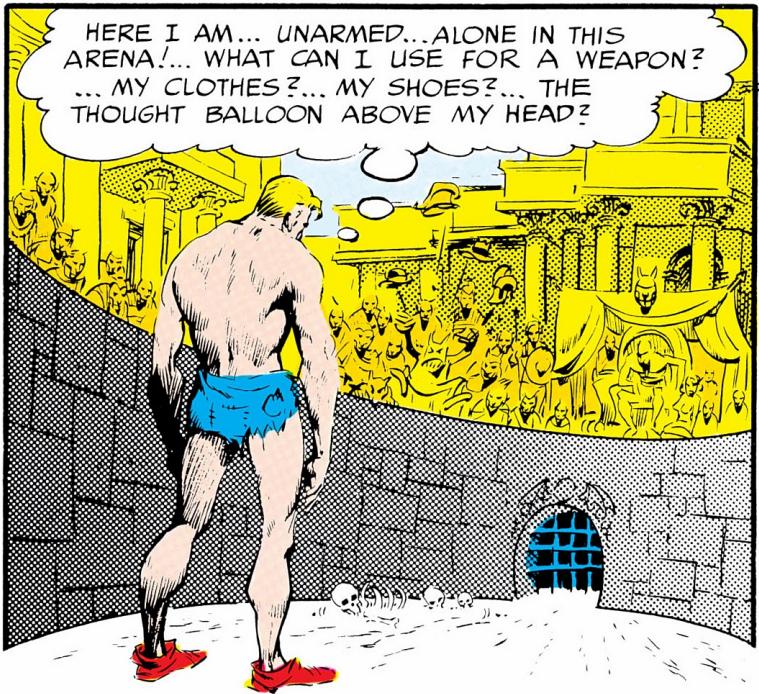




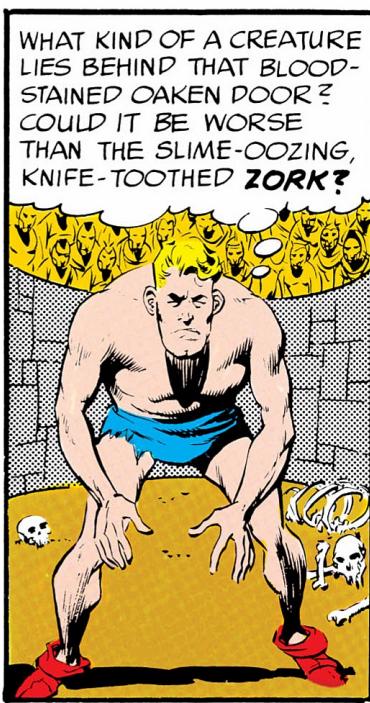
ALL RIGHT!... THE SACRIFICE IS READY TO BEGIN!... THROW THE EARTHLING, FLESH GARDEN, INTO THE ARENA, WHERE UNARMED, HE WILL FIGHT A CREATURE THAT IS NOW WAITING HUNGRILY, BEHIND THE DOOR TO POUNCE UPON THE SACRIFICE!



HERE I AM... UNARMED... ALONE IN THIS ARENA!... WHAT CAN I USE FOR A WEAPON? ... MY CLOTHES?... MY SHOES?... THE THOUGHT BALLOON ABOVE MY HEAD?



WHAT KIND OF A CREATURE LIES BEHIND THAT BLOOD-STAINED OAKEN DOOR? COULD IT BE WORSE THAN THE SLIME-OOZING, KNIFE-TOOTHED ZORK?



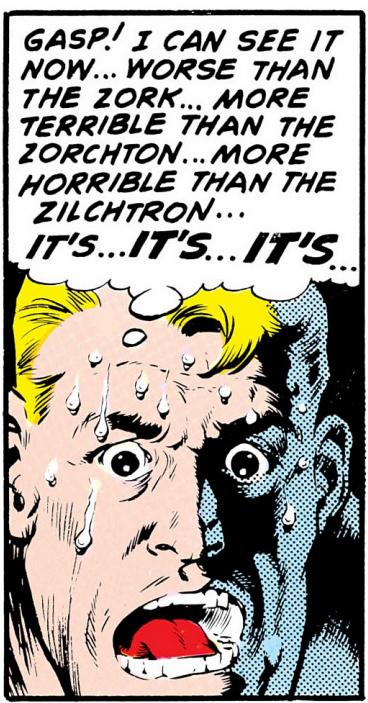
ULP!... THE DOOR IS SLOWLY OPENING! COULD IT BE ANY WORSE THAN THE HAIRY, MANY-CLAWED ZORCHTON?



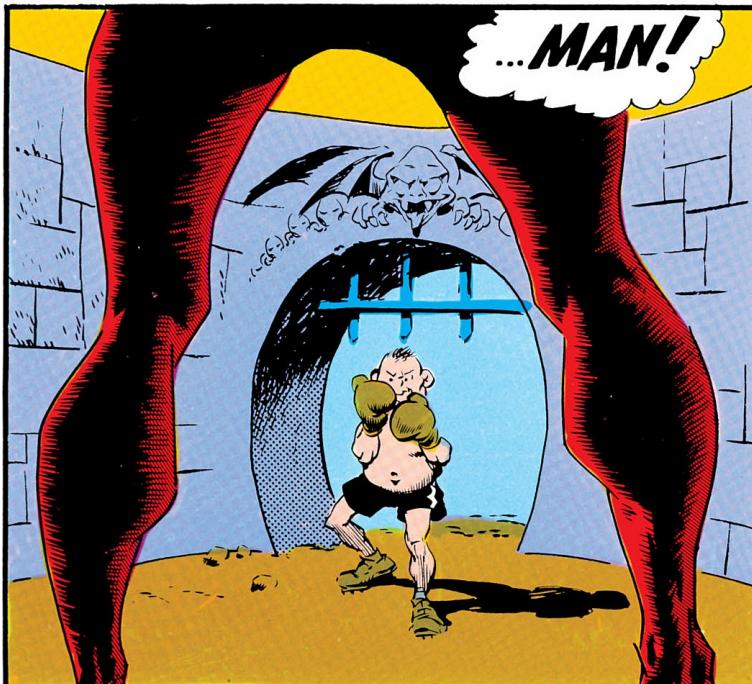
GULP!... THERE'S SOME-THING STANDING THERE!... COULD IT BE ANY WORSE THAN THE PALPITATING, LIMB-RIPPING ZILCHTRON?



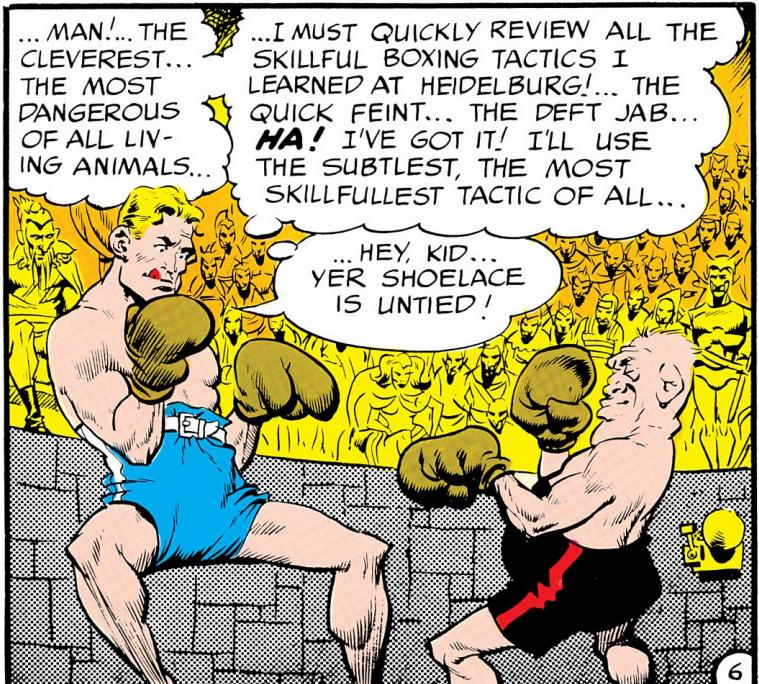
GASP! I CAN SEE IT NOW... WORSE THAN THE ZORK... MORE TERRIBLE THAN THE ZORCHTON... MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE ZILCHTRON... IT'S... IT'S... IT'S...



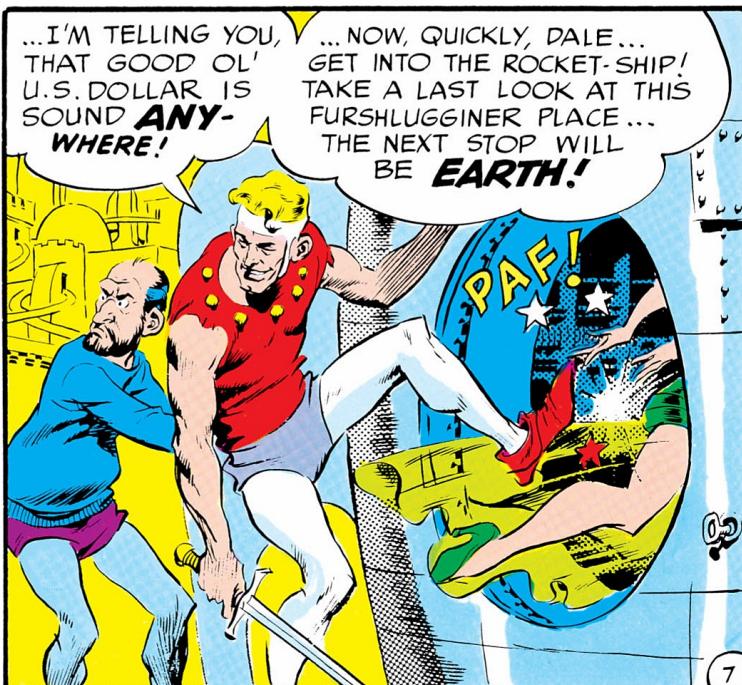
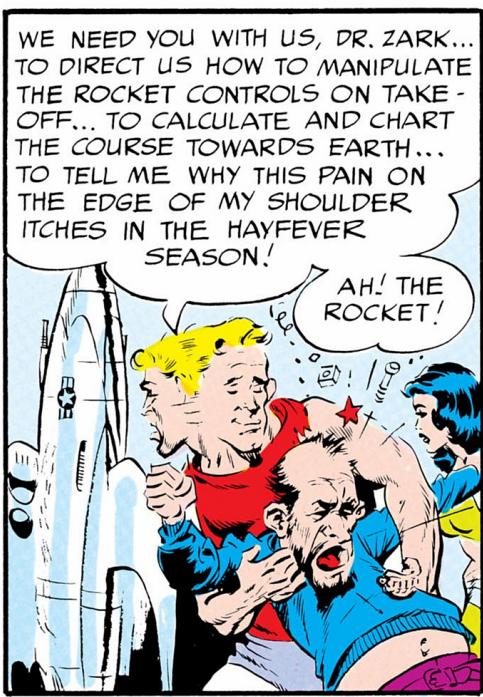
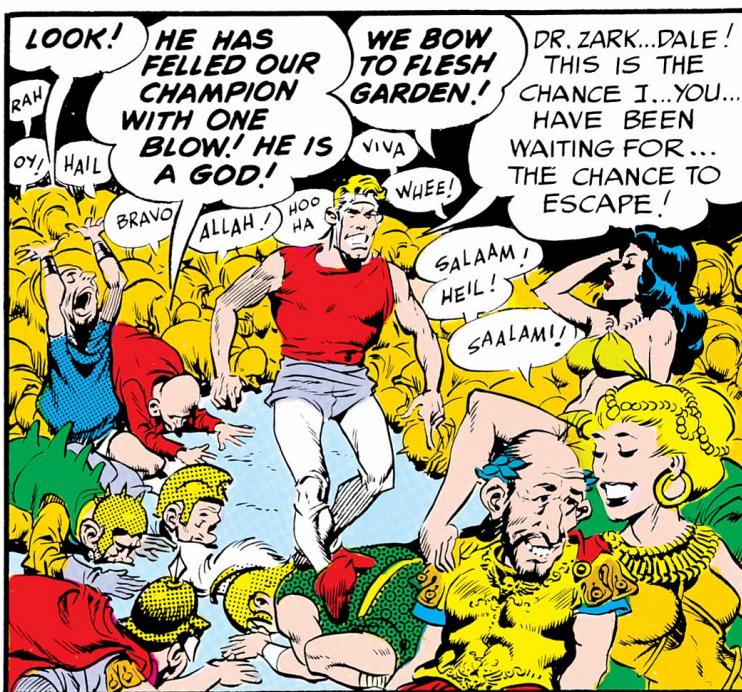
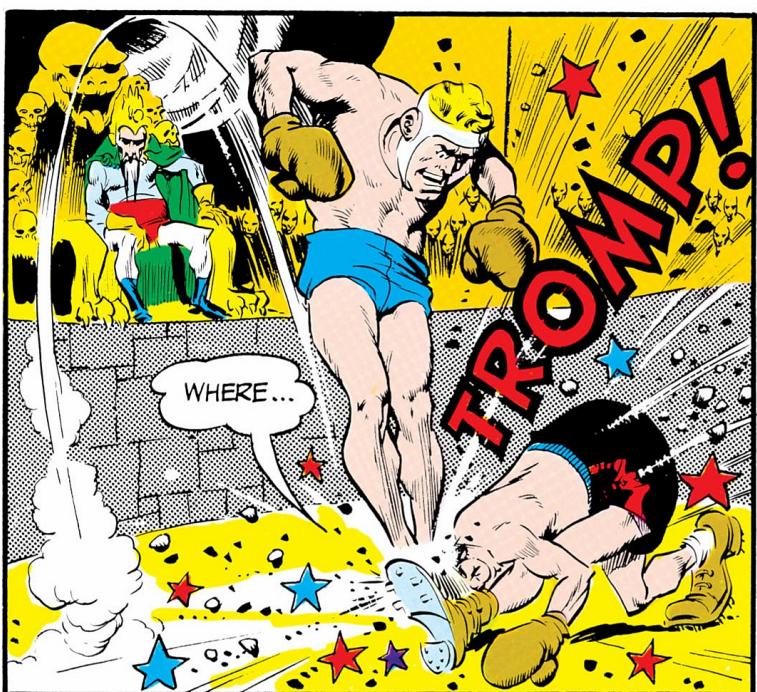
...MAN!

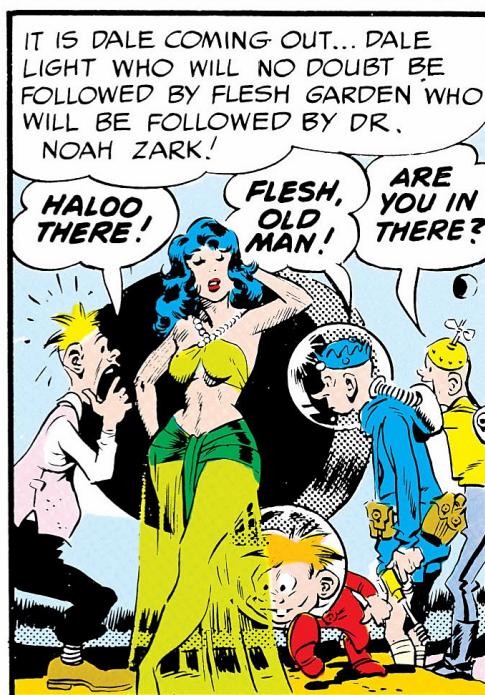
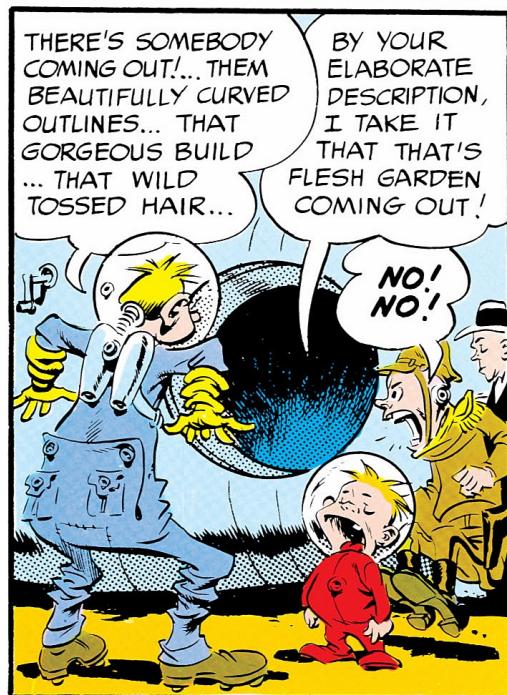
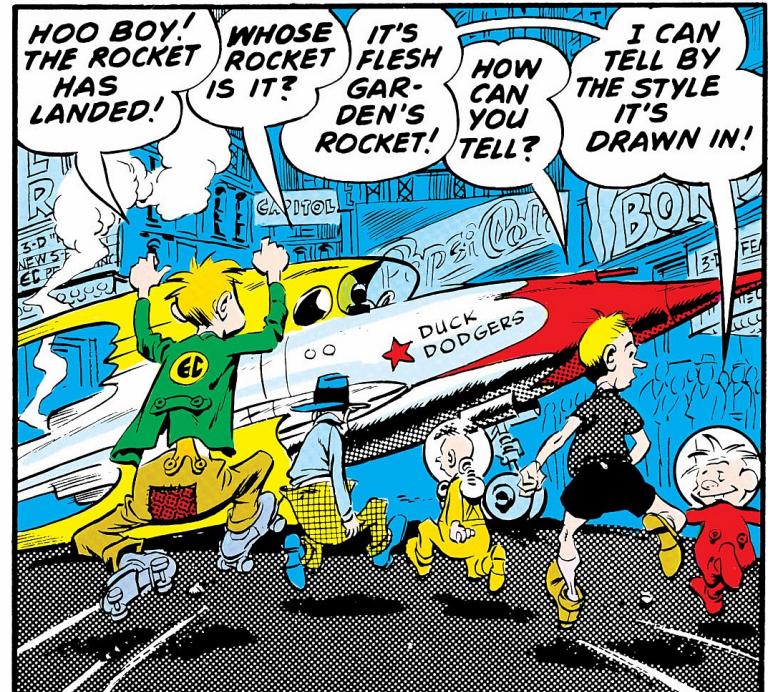
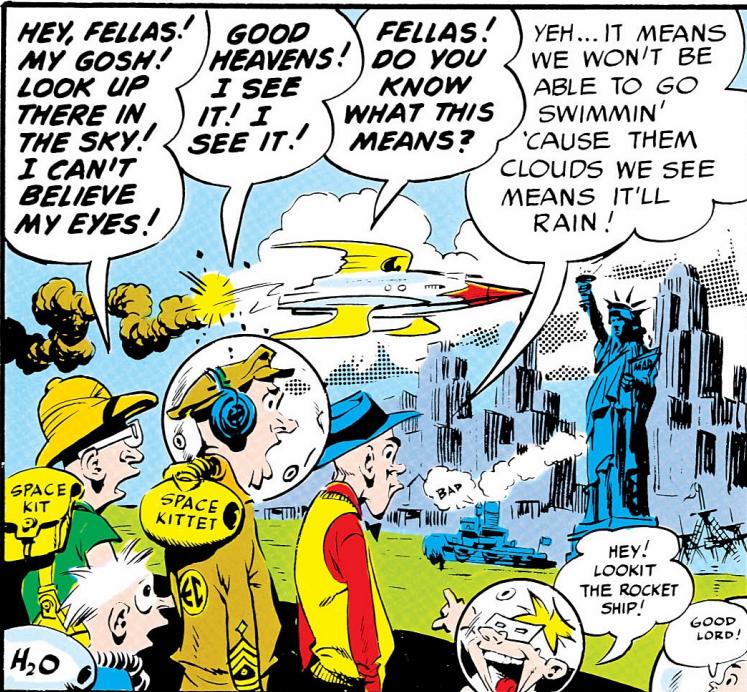


...MAN!... THE CLEVEREST... THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL LIVING ANIMALS...



...HEY, KID... YER SHOELACE IS UNTIED!





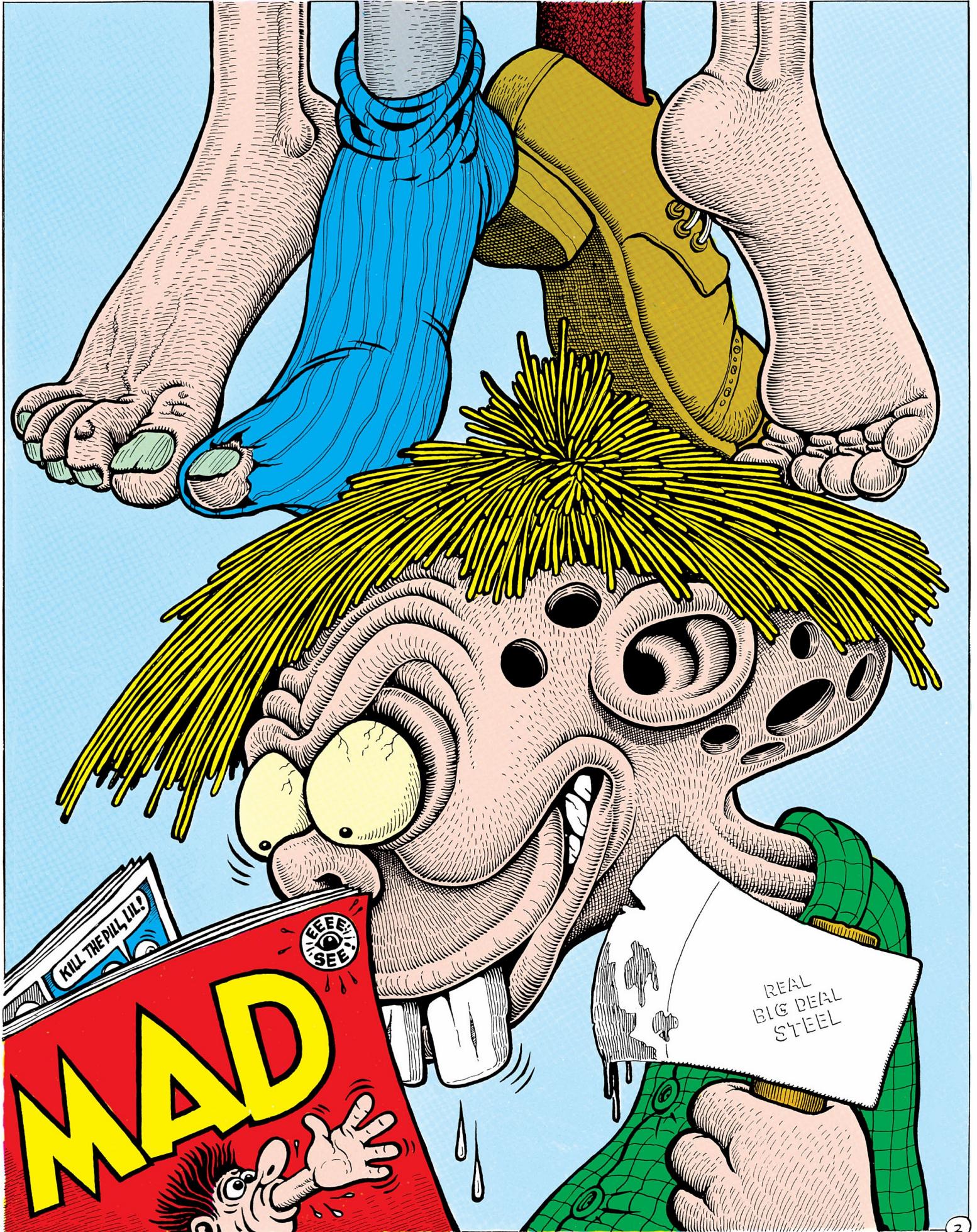
SPECIAL FEATURE DEPT.: DEAR READERS!... THE FOLLOWING SIX PAGES ARE SO DISGUSTING... SO NAUSEATING, THEY'LL MAKE YOU SICK FOR DAYS TO COME! NOW THAT WE'VE AROUSED YOUR INTEREST... HERE'S A FEATURE ABOUT SOMEONE YOU KNOW VERY WELL!... **VERY VERY** WELL! HERE IS A FEATURE ABOUT **YOU**... OUR...

MAD READER!

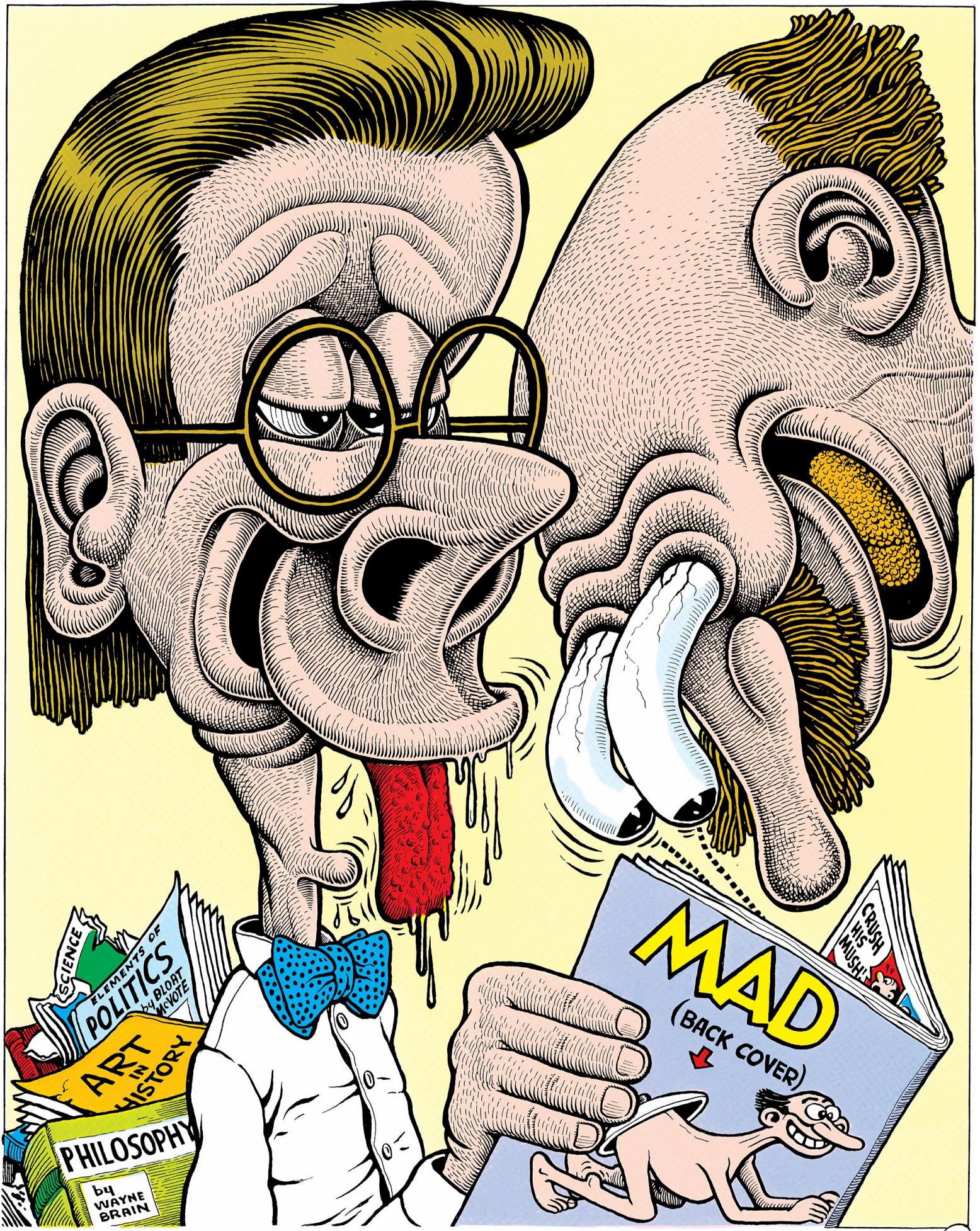


(1)

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING FIVE PAGES ARE VIEWS OF WHAT WE, THE EDITORS OF **MAD**, BELIEVE TO BE A CROSS SECTION OF THE PEOPLE WHO READ **MAD**!... AND SO, WHILE YOU WANDER THROUGH THE FOLLOWING PAGES, SMIRKING, GUFFAWING AND RETCHING AT WHAT YOU SEE... PAUSE A MOMENT! THE FACE YOU'RE RETCHING AT MAY BE YOUR OWN!



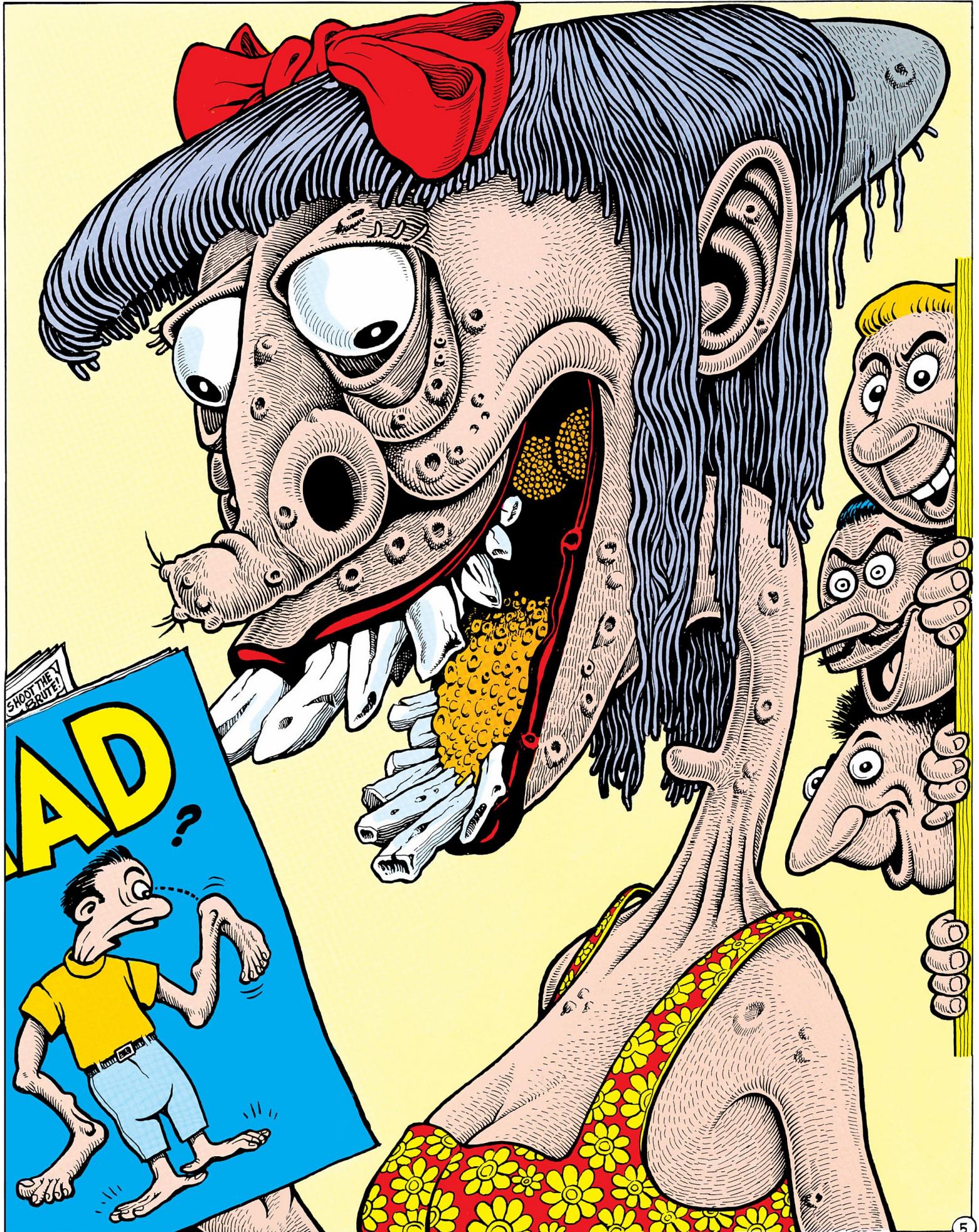
THE YOUNG MAD READER (WITH MOTHER AND FATHER): HERE IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE CLEAN WHOLESOME AFFECT MAD HAS ON OUR YOUNG READERS! FOR INSTANCE, BEFORE READING MAD, THIS YOUNG MAN VERY OFTEN USED AN AXE ON HIS PLAYMATES! WHEN HE READ MAD, HE REALIZED HOW UGLY AND SORDID AXING HIS PLAYMATES WAS... SO NOW HE USES A PISTOL!



THE STUDENT MAD READER (WITH TEACHER): HERE IS THE INTELLECTUAL COLLEGE YOUTH! THIS FELLOW WAS A SERIOUS, SOBER, 'A' AVERAGE STUDENT... WELL VERSED IN THE CLASSICS WITH A SUCCESSFUL CAREER ASSURED... BEFORE READING MAD! READING MAD HAS BROUGHT ABOUT A HAPPY CHANGE IN THIS STUDENT! TODAY THIS STUDENT IS AN EMPTY DROOLING IDIOT... BUT NEVERTHELESS, A HAPPY EMPTY DROOLING IDIOT!



THE ELDERLY MAD READER: MAD IS BY NO MEANS CONFINED TO THE YOUNGER SET! HERE IS AN ELDERLY MAN WHO, BEFORE READING MAD, WAS CONFINED TO A WHEEL CHAIR... CONFINED TO A STRICT DIET OF SHREDDED WHEAT... AND CONFINED TO CONDENSED WATER! THEN HE READ MAD!... NOW HE IS NO LONGER CONFINED TO A WHEEL CHAIR... NO LONGER CONFINED TO THE SHREDDED WHEAT... AND NO LONGER CONFINED TO THE CONDENSED WATER!... HE IS MERELY... CONFINED!

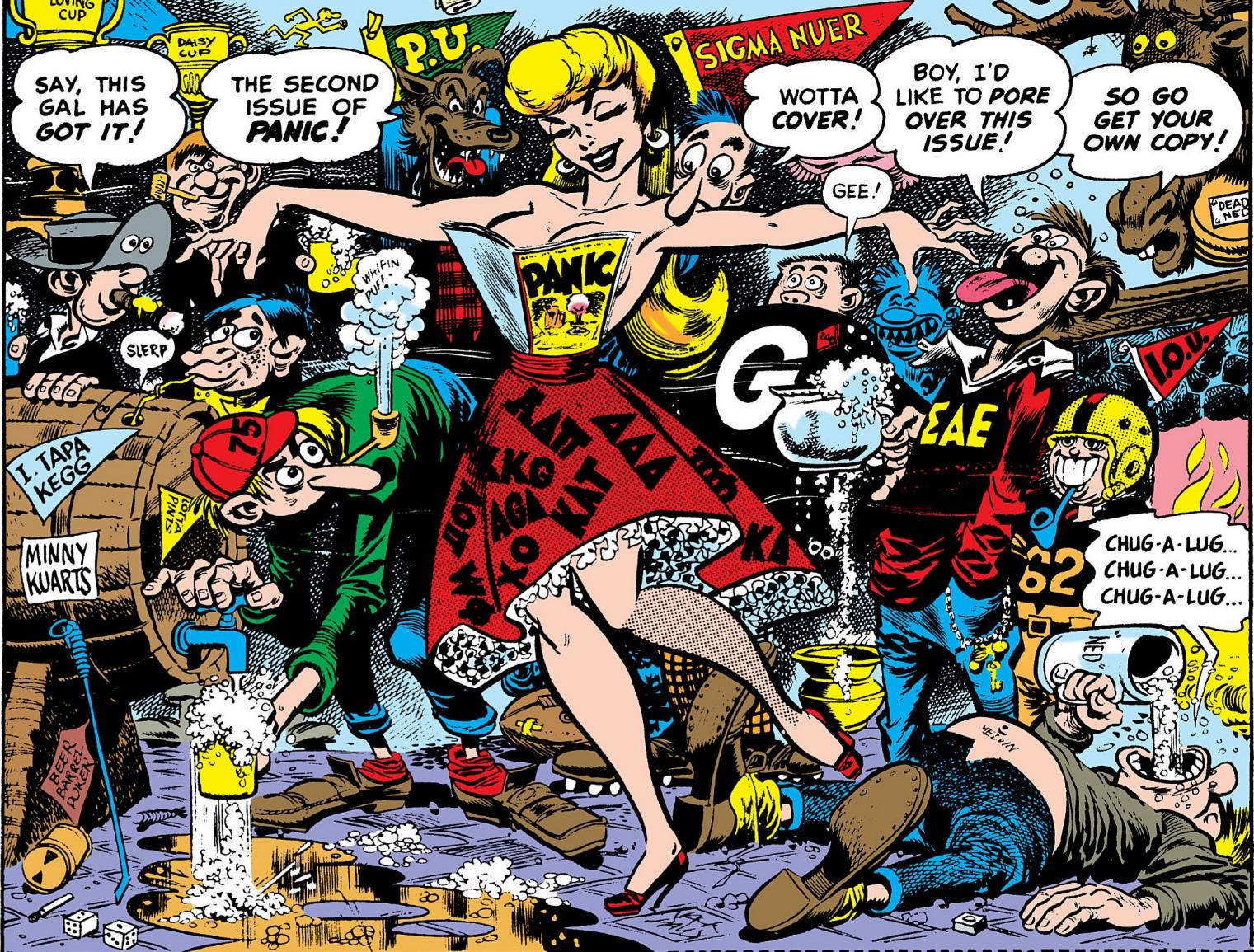


THE FEMALE MAD READER:...THIS YOUNG LADY HAD DISHPAN HANDS... PERSPIRATION ODORS FROM ALL '13'.. A SEVERE CASE OF ACNE...AND BOY-FRIENDS NEVER CAME TO CALL ON HER!.. THEN SHE BOUGHT **MAD!** NOW... SHE STILL HAS DISHPAN HANDS... PERSPIRATION ODORS FROM ALL '13'.. A SEVERE CASE OF ACNE... BUT BOY-FRIENDS FLOCK TO CALL ON HER AND AS SOON AS THEY BLUDGEON HER INSENSIBLE AND PRY **MAD** LOOSE FROM HER VISE-LIKE GRIP... THEY FLOCK AWAY AGAIN!



THE CRITICAL MAD READER:... FINALLY THERE ARE THOSE WHO READ AND DO NOT LIKE MAD! AND SO... IN ALL HONESTY, WITH A FIRM BELIEF THAT EVERY ARGUMENT HAS TWO SIDES... IT IS WITH A SENSE OF FAIR PLAY AND CLEAN LIVING THAT WE PRESENT WITHOUT BIAS, WITHOUT RESENTMENT OR MALICE... AN UNPREJUDICED DRAWING OF SAID TYPE READER WHO... AFTER MUGGING THE ABOVE INFANT, IS BRUTALLY DESTROYING THE CHILD'S TREASURED COPY OF MAD!

I Dreamed I Went to a Fraternity Smoker in my PANIC MAGAZINE!



I WAS UPLIFTED FROM THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR BY THIS REVEALING EXPERIENCE! I LAUGHED SO HARD I ALMOST BUST THE BINDING! I WAS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION... THE STAR. EVERYBODY WANTED TO DANCE WITH ME! I WAS RUSHED! SO BE POPULAR LIKE ME! WEAR PANIC! RUN DOWN AND GET INTO YOUR COPY AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND. IF YOU'RE THE SHY TYPE AND WOULD RATHER DRESS AT HOME, THEN YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE BY FILLING OUT THIS COUPON AND MAILING TO:

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF:
PANIC
ROOM 106
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF **PANIC** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00)

NAME

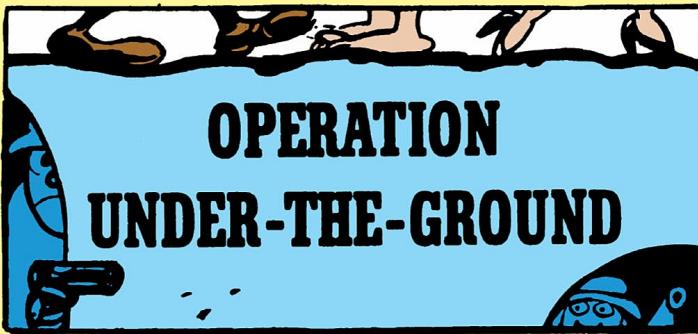
ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.: And now, chapter EIGHTY-SEVEN in the fantastic adventures of SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!

As you remember, in our last chapter . . . in our last chapter . . . say, what DID happen in our last chapter?

Oh yes . . . when we last saw Jones, he was in Moscow, spying, when a spy started spying on him. However, Jones spied the spy spying and soon was spying on the spying spy. You get the general idea. Well . . . the upshot of it all was that Jones finally was picked up by the BVD's and the BVD's brought him to the head of the BVD's, a man by the name of Lavrenti Buried. . . . And that's the story up to now, gang! Miserable isn't it? Well . . . on to the next installment of . . .



"Take him to the torture chamber. I haven't heard a human scream for a whole minute now," Lavrenti Buried says.

Jones is led away. As the most horrible screams issue from the torture chamber, Floppova Movova tells Buried of her suspicions of Jones being a spy. Buried gazes thoughtfully at the ceiling, through which hang the roots of a tree, and says, "We have been torturing him merely for drinking toasts to our heroes!"

"And what is wrong with drinking toasts to our heroes?" says Floppova.

"Out of a toaster?" says Buried! "Too bad my special 'trip-through-the-meat-grinder' torture is going to waste. Now we will have to give him the 'brain-wash' torture."

"What is so horrible about the brain-wash torture?" says Floppova!

"The effect of boiling soap-water poured through a hole in the skull and swished around the living brain for a while is quite a thing to watch," says Buried.

Jones is brought in . . . the torture he has been through still evident by the powder burns about his mouth and the shredded stub of an exploding trick cigar still clenched between his teeth!

"You there, Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomislavarichicaboomsko," says Buried! (Jones has been using the alias Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomislavarichicaboomsko.)

"You there, Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomislavarichicaboomsko," says Buried . . . falling down on the floor. (It's quite a strain to pronounce that name.) "Floppova here tells me you are a spy. What was your mission, snivelling coward?"

"You can't call me that!" says Jones, "I'm no snivelling coward . . . not *all* the time, just when I have this cold I'm a snivelling coward, otherwise, I'm just a plain, upstanding coward."

"Don't change the subject," screams Buried, pulling out a pistol and placing it against Jones' eyeball, "What was your mission?"

Floppova Movova screams and flops ova. Jones moves ova so Floppova can floppova. Buried tells Floppova to movova so when Jones flopsova, he won't floppova Floppova Movova. Buried keeps tightening his finger on the trigger! Jones keeps snivelling! Floppova keeps flopping!

Suddenly there's a loud bang, and . . .

. . . Well, now! A loud bang! What could that be? Could it be Buried firing his pistol? Could it be Jones smoking another trick cigar? Could it be Floppova flopping ova? Could it be you taking the easy way out?

Tune in next month, if you dare, to another ZORCH adventure of OPERATION-UNDER-THE-GROUND!

QUICKIE COMIC DEPT.: NOW, WE PRESENT A NEW FEATURE... A STORY PRESENTED IN TWO VERSIONS... THE FIRST VERSION BEING A TYPICAL COMIC-BOOK STORY THAT YOU MIGHT EVEN HAVE READ BEFORE!... THE SECOND VERSION BEING A TYPICAL 'MAD' INTERPRETATION OF THE FIRST VERSION!
AND SO WE BEGIN WITH THE FIRST VERSION... CALLED...

MURDER THE HUSBAND!



THE STORY BEGINS IN A SWANK BACHELOR'S APARTMENT! YOU'RE **WALTER GRAHAM**, AND YOU'RE MADLY IN LOVE WITH KENNETH MARTIN'S WIFE, JEANNE! YOU KNOW THE SITUATION IS **HOPELESS**... THAT KEN WOULD **NEVER** GIVE JEANNE A DIVORCE... SO YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO **KILL** HIM! THAT'S WHY, WHEN KEN CALLS...

MOOSE HUNTING, KEN? AT YOUR SUMMER PLACE? WHY, I'D LOVE TO GO!



YOU **KNOW** ABOUT KEN'S SUMMER PLACE! YOU REMEMBER THE YEAR BEFORE... WHEN SOMEONE DROWNED UP THERE! THEY NEVER FOUND HIS BODY! THERE'S A SPOT IN THE LAKE THAT'S **SO DEEP** THEY CAN'T **DRAG** FOR A BODY! SO YOU MAKE YOUR PLANS...

HOW MUCH LONGER IS IT, KEN?
ONLY A FEW MORE MILES, WALT!



ALL THE WAY UP TO THE LODGE,
YOU FINGER THE REVOLVER YOU'VE
BOUGHT FOR THE PURPOSE! YOU'RE
NERVOUS, AREN'T YOU, WALTER?
IT'S A DESPERATE PLAN, ISN'T
IT?...

WELL, HERE WE ARE,
WALT! SAY, YOU'VE
NEVER BEEN HERE
BEFORE, HAVE YOU?
NOT MUCH
SENSE
COMIN' UP
DURING THE
SUMMER, KEN!
YOU KNOW I
DON'T SWIM!

THAT'S WHY IT'S SUCH A DESPER-
ATE PLAN, EH, WALTER? YOU CAN'T
SWIM A STROKE... AND YET YOU
PLAN ON HAVING A BOATING
ACCIDENT! OR, AT LEAST, KEN
WILL HAVE A BOATING ACCIDENT...

SAY, KEN! HOW ABOUT SURE THING,
ROWING OUT TO THAT WALT! IT'S
BOTTOMLESS SPOT
IN THE LAKE? I
HAVE AN IDEA!

TOO LATE
TO DO ANY
HUNTING
TODAY
ANYWAY!

I'D LIKE TO FIND
OUT JUST HOW DEEP
THAT SPOT REALLY
IS! ALL I NEED IS
SOME HEAVY
WEIGHTS AND A
LOT OF ROPE!
DO YOU THINK YOU
HAVE ANY?

YOU'RE PRETTY CLEVER, AREN'T YOU, WALTER?
KEN NEVER SUSPECTS THE REAL REASON YOU NEED
THE WEIGHTS AND THE ROPE, DOES HE? IT ISN'T
LONG BEFORE YOU'RE OUT THERE... THE TWO OF
YOU... OVER THE SPOT...

LUCKY I HAD THIS ROLL OF WIRE,
WALT! WE'RE GOING TO USE IT TO
USE IT TO LIGHT UP THE DOCK
NEXT SUMMER! IT'LL DO INSTEAD
OF ROPE, WON'T IT?

IT'S
PERFECT,
KEN!

THERE'S OVER TWO
HUNDRED FEET HERE!
FRANKLY, I DON'T THINK
IT'LL BE LONG ENOUGH!

IT'S LONG ENOUGH FOR
WHAT I HAVE IN MIND,
KEN! AND THESE HEAVY
PIPES WILL DO FINE!

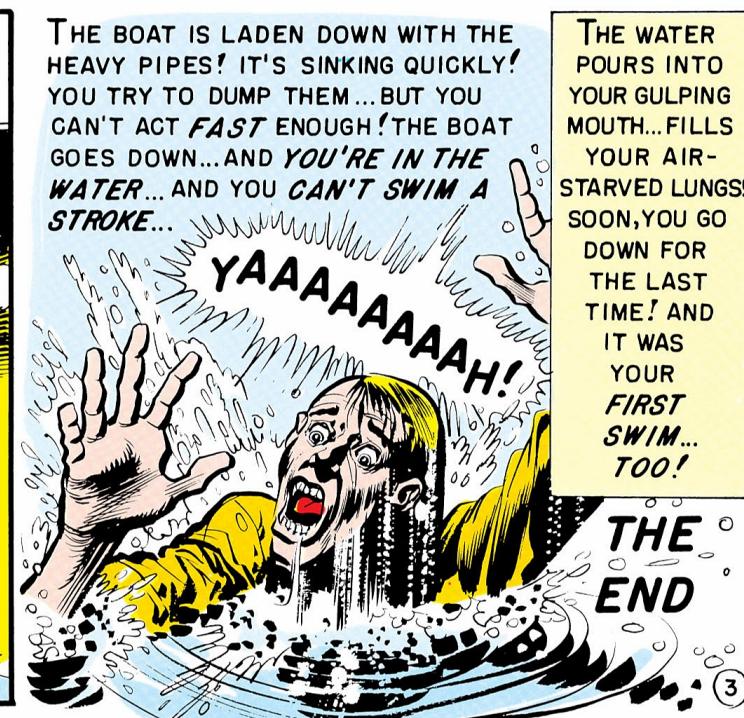
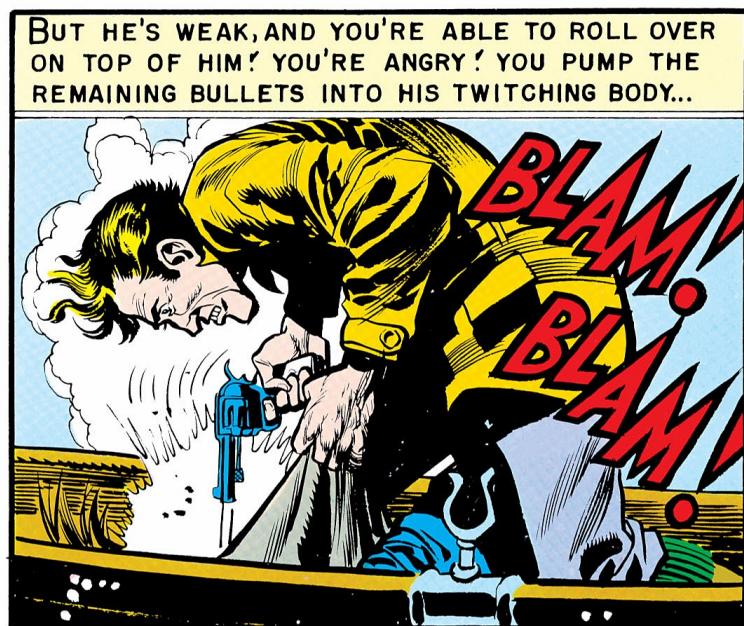
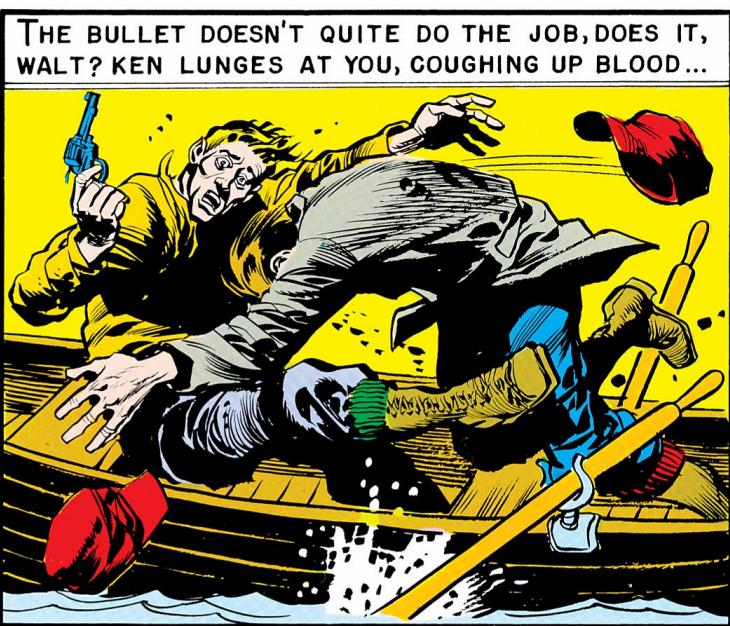
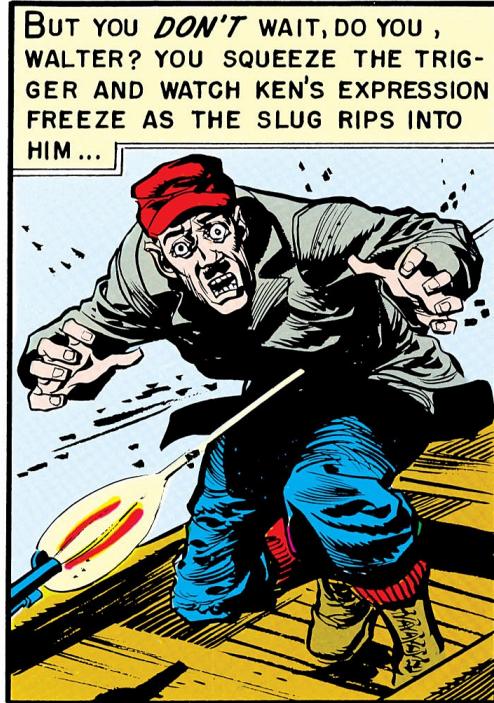
YOU PULL OUT YOUR REVOLVER AND YOU WATCH
KEN'S FACE PALE! HE STARES AT YOU... DUMB-
FOUNDED...

WALT! I... I DON'T GET
IT! WHY THE GUN?

I'M GOING TO KILL
YOU, KEN! IT'S THE
ONLY WAY! JEANNE
AND I ARE IN LOVE!

YOU... AND
JEANNE!

THAT'S RIGHT, KEN! I KNEW
YOU'D NEVER GIVE JEANNE A
DIVORCE, SO I'VE DECIDED ON
THIS! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A
LITTLE 'ACCIDENT'! THEY'LL
NEVER FIND YOUR BODY...
JUST YOUR BOAT... ADRI



THE WATER POURS INTO YOUR GULPING MOUTH... FILLS YOUR AIR-STARVED LUNGS! SOON, YOU GO DOWN FOR THE LAST TIME! AND IT WAS YOUR FIRST SWIM... TOO!

WE TRUST YOU ENJOYED THE FIRST VERSION AND NOW FOR THE SECOND VERSION WHICH IS MAD'S VERSION OF THE FIRST VERSION... THE MAD VERSION BEING LIKE THE FIRST VERSION... 3 PAGES FOR THE FIRST VERSION AND 3 PAGES FOR THE MAD VERSION... THAT IS... THREE PAGES PER VERSION!
...AND THAT'S WHAT THIS STORY IS... PERVERSION!
...THIS STORY CALLED...

MURDER THE STORY!



THE STORY BEGINS IN A SWANK BACHELOR'S APARTMENT! YOU'RE CRACKER GRAHAM, AND YOU'RE MADLY IN LOVE WITH MELVIN MARTIN'S ROW-BOAT, JEANNE! YOU KNOW THE SITUATION IS HOPELESS...THAT KEN WOULD NEVER GIVE THE ROW-BOAT A DIVORCE...SO YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO KILL HIM! THAT'S WHY, WHEN MELVIN CALLS...

SCAVENGER HUNTING, MELVIN, AT YOUR SUMMER PLACE? WHY, I'D LOVE TO GO!

ANYBODY CALL FOR WESTERN UNION?



YOU KNOW ABOUT MELVIN'S SUMMER PLACE! YOU REMEMBER THE YEAR BEFORE...WHEN SOMEONE DROWNED UP THERE! THEY NEVER FOUND HIS BODY! THERE'S A SPOT IN THE LAKE THAT'S SO DEEP THEY CAN'T DRAG FOR A BODY! SO YOU MAKE YOUR PLANS...

THAT BODY HAD A POCKET FULL OF INDIAN-GUM TICKETS!... I NEED THEM TICKETS TO COMPLETE MY SET! MAYBE WE CAN GET 'EM WITH DIVING HELMETS!

如美法等字中西告
捷
商場告
小廣告
服務快
捷



ALL THE WAY UP TO THE LODGE,
YOU FINGER THE REVOLVER YOU'VE
BOUGHT FOR THE PURPOSE! IT'S A
HOPALONG CASSIDY REVOLVER!
YOU FINGER IT THINKING WHAT FUN
IT'LL BE SHOOTING PAPER CAPS!

竹湯菖洗観鏡大
筍鮑記淨大貨財
綠油墨牛生海冬
兒鮑鮑翅湖底盛

NOT MUCH
SENSE
COMIN' UP
DURING THE
SUMMER, MELVIN!
ANYBODY KNOWS
A **SUMMER** PLACE
IS BETTER IN
THE **WINTER**!

THAT'S WHY IT'S SUCH A DESPERATE
PLAN, EH, CRACKER? A SUMMER
PLACE REALLY *ISN'T* BETTER IN
THE WINTER... AND YET YOU
PLAN TO GO SWIMMING FOR
THEM INDIAN GUM TICKETS...

SAY, MELVIN! HOW ABOUT
ROWING OUT TO THAT
BOTTOMLESS SPOT
IN THE LAKE? I
HAVE AN IDEA!

Τῆς τελείας προεξήρχεν
ό σεβ.

Αρχιεπίσκοπο
Μεγαλοπρεπεῖς
αἰθουσαὶ διδά
σηγκέντρω
σεων. — Το
ἐπιστόμου

I'D LIKE TO BUILD
A **BOTTOM** ON THAT
BOTTOMLESS SPOT!

... ALL I NEED IS
SOME **HEAVY**
WEIGHTS AND A
LOT OF ROPE!
DO YOU THINK YOU
HAVE ANY?



YOU'RE PRETTY **CLEVER**, AREN'T YOU, GRAHAM?
MEL' NEVER SUSPECTS THE **REAL** REASON YOU NEED
THE WEIGHTS AND THE ROPE, DOES HE? HE DOESN'T
SUSPECT YOU HAVE TO FIX THE WINDOWS IN YOUR
BACHELOR APARTMENT AND WEIGHTS AND ROPE
FOR THE WINDOWS ARE EXPENSIVE!



КИТАЙ В СОСТАВ
ПРОТИВ ДОЛУШЕНИЯ

INDIAN GUM TICKETS?

...NO SIR!... WE SPLIT THOSE
TICKETS FIFTY- FIFTY EVEN
THOUGH THIS *IS* YOUR
SUMMER PLACE!



YOU PULL OUT YOUR REVOLVER AND YOU WATCH MEL-
VIN'S FACE PALE! HE STARES AT YOU... DUMB-
FOUNDED...

דָּעַנְיָשָׁר קָנְנִינִי
סָמֵעַן צָו הַנְּהָר אֲנִי דָּפְעַנְתָּלְבָנָה
HOPALONG CASSIDY?

...YES... A HOPALONG
CASSIDY CAP-PISTOL...
AND ONLY I CAN PLAY
WITH IT!



Potrzebie

...NO... YOU CAN'T SHOOT
IT! ALL THE TIME I'VE
KNOWN HOW MUCH YOU
WANTED A HOPALONG CASSIDY
CAP-PISTOL... BUT I BOUGHT
THE LAST ONE IN THE
CANDY STORE!

BUT I'LL MAKE A FAIR TRADE!... LET ME HAVE THIS ROW-BOAT AND YOUR SHARE OF INDIAN-GUM TICKETS!

WAAY DOWN UPON THE SWA'NEEE RI-VER... Z

WHAT DO YOU SAY! A FAIR TRADE! THIS CAP-PISTOL FOR YOUR ROW-BOAT AND TICKETS! ...BLAST IT! STOP THAT INFERNAL SINGING!

MULE Z TRAAAIN! ...KLIPPETY KLOPPIN' THRU THE WIND AND RAIN...

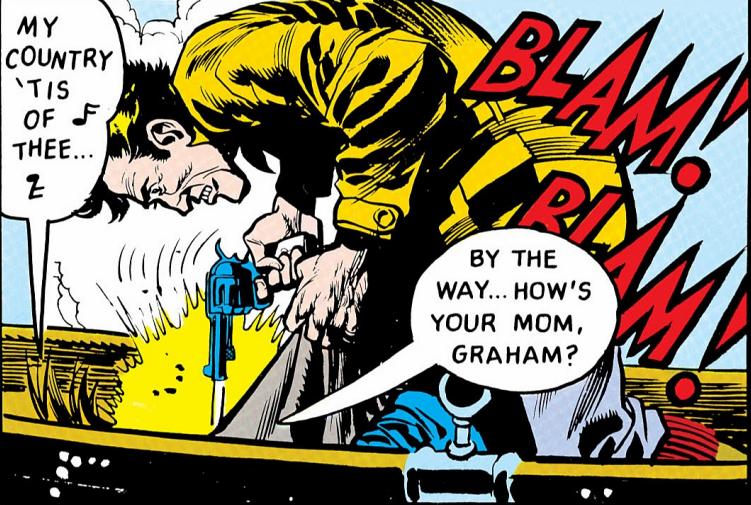
GRAHAM KNOWS THIS OBNOXIOUS SINGING IS MELVIN'S WAY OF SAYING 'NO'! GRAHAM KNOWS AS HE TEARS THE CAPS OUT OF THE HOPALONG CASSIDY PISTOL... INSERTS A DUM-DUM BULLET AND...

MA-AMMY) I'D WALK A MILLION MILES FOR ONE OF Z YOUR SMILES... MAA-AMMY Z

THE BULLET DOESN'T QUITE DO THE JOB, DOES IT, GRAHAM? MELVIN PUSHES YOU BACK IN YOUR SEAT TO LISTEN TO MORE SINGING!

HOW F MUCH IS THAT DAWGIE IN THE WINDOW... Z

...MELVIN KEEPS SNAPPING HIS FINGERS... TAPPING HIS FEET... YOU'RE ANGRY! YOU PUMP THE REMAINING BULLETS INTO HIS TWITCHING BODY...



AND THEN YOU FEEL THE BLOOD SOAKING YOUR KNEES! THE LAST FIVE SHOTS HAVE TORN THROUGH MEL'S BODY, SPLINTERING THE FLIMSY BOARDS OF JEANNE, THE ROW-BOAT AND THE WATER IS POURING IN... THE BLOOD IS POURING OUT!

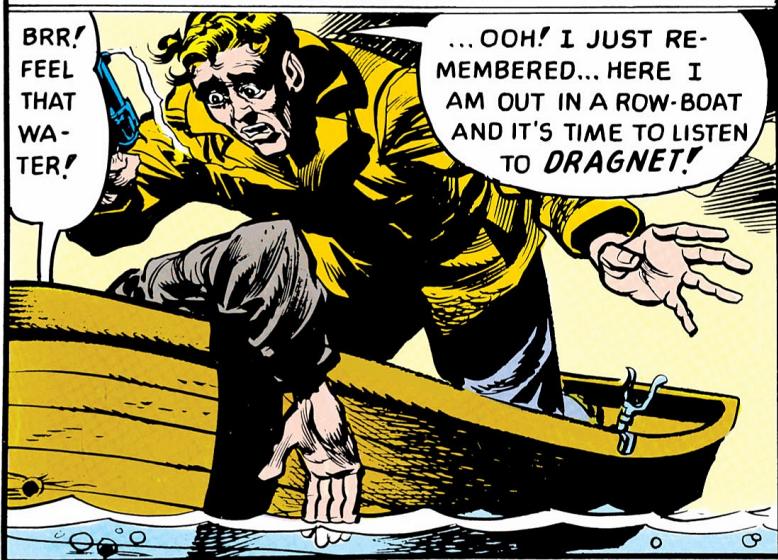
BRR! FEEL THAT WATER!

...OOH! I JUST REMEMBERED... HERE I AM OUT IN A ROW-BOAT AND IT'S TIME TO LISTEN TO DRAGNET!

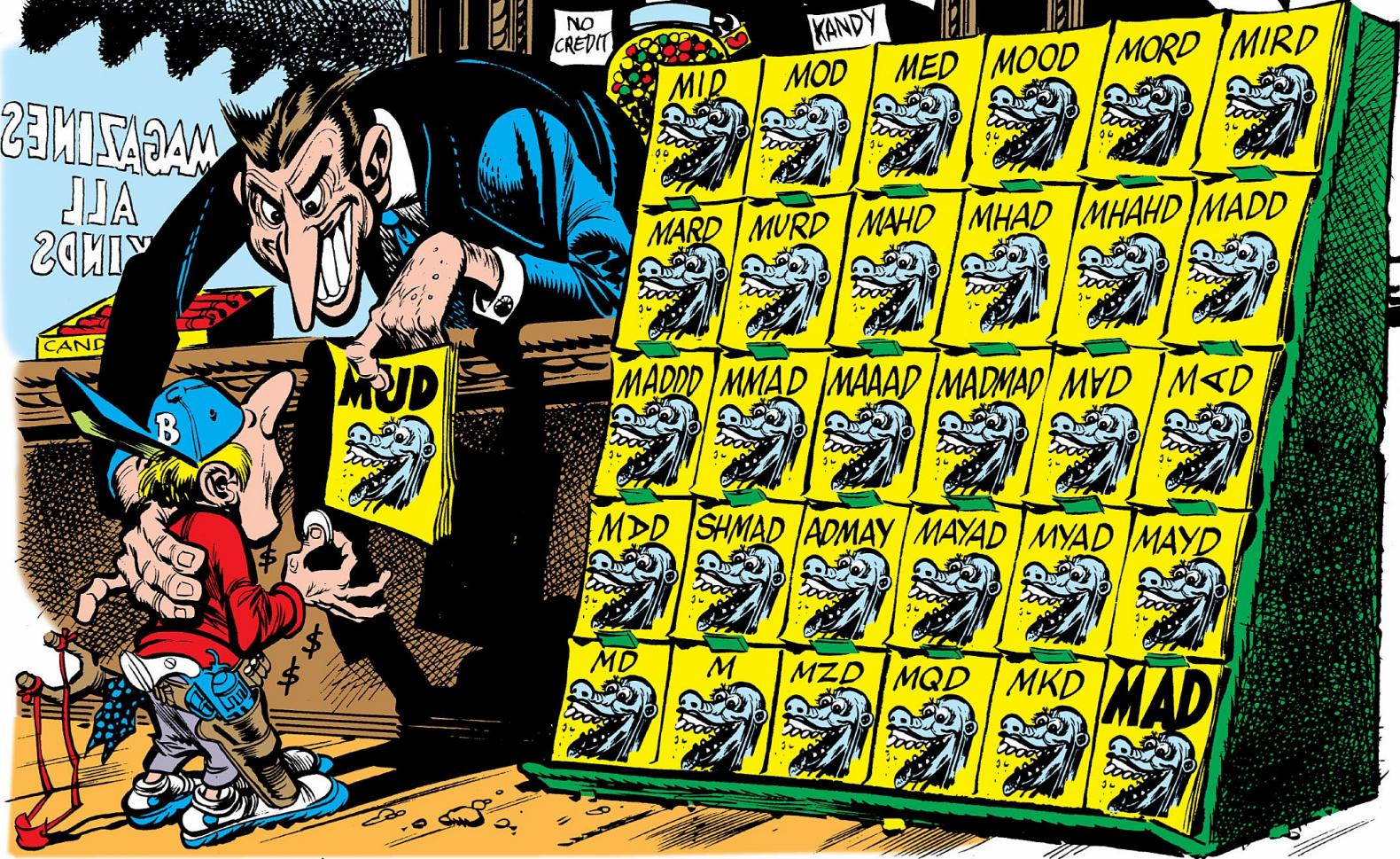
THE BOAT IS LADEN DOWN WITH THE HEAVY PIPES! IT'S SINKING QUICKLY! YOU SUDDENLY REALIZE YOU'VE LOST THE ROW-BOAT, THE HOPALONG CASSIDY PISTOL, AND, AS YOU THINK HOW YOU WILL NEVER COMPLETE YOUR SET OF INDIAN-GUM TICKETS, YOU QUIETLY SAY...

YAAAAAAAHH!

YOU LET OUT A HORRIBLE SHRIEK...CAUSE THERE YOU WERE, ALL SET FOR A COMFORTABLE SWIM BACK TO SHORE... AND THAT'S WHY YOU SHRIEK! INSTEAD OF FINDING NICE COMFORTABLE WATER, YOU FIND IT'S ICE-COLD!

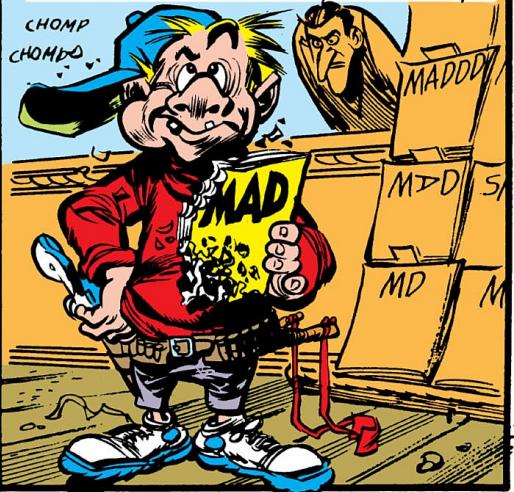


BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!... THERE ARE MANY IMITATORS OF **MAD** WHO WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE THAT THEIR PRODUCT IS SUPERIOR TO **MAD**!... HOWEVER, ONLY **MAD** USES YOUNG, TENDER PAGES THAT ARE SEASONED IN OUR WAREHOUSE!... DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT!... MAKE THIS SIMPLE TASTE-TEST!

First...shred up an issue of **MAD** magazine! Put it in your mouth! Chew it a while and then swallow it...Notice how fresh the ink tastes...how it tickles your tummy?



...Then...take any other magazine and eat it!...Horrible, isn't it! Notice how sick you feel! Notice how your heart is slowing up...and soon it will stop completely!



Make the taste-test yourself! Make the taste-test and you will see why leading doctors say that more people eat **MAD** than any other comic magazines!



REMEMBER!... MAD IS MILD... MUCH MILDER!

MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

You should see our group of Hoofer Mountain-eers coming down the trail after a hard day's climbing at Devil's Lake State Park . . . a half-dozen Mountaineers sidling, hopping, leaping, etc. down the trail, scratching our ribs, emitting cries of: "Oook-ook-ook-ook-ook-ooook-oooook!" . . . the first "ook" starting medium, and rising to a fairly high pitch . . . and interdispersed with our "ooks" are cries of "HOOOOOOOOO-HAAH!" Really, it's enough to bring tears of joy to the eyes of a true MAD fan!—Ted. K. Wagner—Madison, Wis.

. . . Technical and Special Effects Dept.: In MAD No. 8, "The Lone Stranger" was represented merely by the William Tell Overture. Purge on you! Why didn't you have an intermission so you could play Les Preludes? Franz Liszt is very upset over this. Thank you.—Franz Liszt Fan Club—Franz Liszt, Pres.

. . . I was once a miserable but fairly intelligent human being. But since reading your magazine, I have changed into a happy little moronic beast. While I am on the subject, I would also like to mention the transformation in my physical anatomy. I now have three eyes . . . one to see the left page, one for the right page, and one for the next page I intend to read. Now I don't mind the looks of the third eye, but it's a pain in the neck—being situated thereon! Whenever I scratch my neck, I stick my finger in my eye!—Shirley D. Blieden—(No address given)

. . . In MAD No. 1, Bumble was bumped off by Melvin. Now he shows up in MAD No. 8 with only his accent changed. ("Yeah, Boss!" to "Ja, Boss!")! In fact, he still has that disgusting green hat. I think the guy that tried to sneak Bumble back in should have his little head overhauled. Did he think we wouldn't notice it or sumpin'?—Fred Weld—Santa Barbara, Calif.

. . . When I first met my husband, I thought he was ugly, stupid, and good-for-nothing. Then, I found out HE HAD ALL THE BACK ISSUES OF MAD! We were married the next day!—Mrs. R. A. Griggs—(No address given)

. . . We, the technical and announcing staff of Radio Station W.I.N.N., can't begin to describe how thoroughly we enjoy the magazine called MAD. We all agree that it is entirely different, original, and most humorous.—Leon Grube—W.I.N.N.—Louisville, Ky.

. . . I think MAD is the best ten cents worth of comics in the world. MAD teaches children new

methods of torture. I love MAD comics.—Don Mac Dougall—Tucson, Ariz.

. . . My faith in idiots is again restored. Please don't ever run out of heroin.—Charles Harless—(No address given)

. . . This is the graveyard, my name is Kamien. I work out of suicide. The word was going around that a new issue of MAD was out; my job, get it! I went to where the squares said I could find this crazy mag. I fell into the joint and asked if they had any MAD comics left. (All I wanted was the facts.) The girl behind the counter said they were all sold out except for one which she was saving for herself. I showed her my badge and told her I needed the book for evidence. She still wouldn't fork over, so I flipped my lid. I lept over the counter, grabbed the babe, and killed her dead. I was arrested by my be-bop helper Frank Spit. On the 31st of Feb., 1951, I was tried in the city of Los Angeles. I was found guilty of stealing one copy of MAD and was sentenced to be hung in the electric chair. You wonder how I'm writing this letter? As I told you, this is the graveyard.—Eddie Kamien—Lancaster, N. Y.

. . . Texas is large, but it cannot hold all of the MAD comics that are sold here.—Bernard Bonario—Houston, Texas

. . . I am the aunt of an exalted devotee of your apparently "spell-binding" publication. You must have something on the ball to make that little nephew of mine exert all the effort he does wandering around trying to find these gems of wisdom. His zeal has rubbed off on all his friends—they form a MAD clan—on the hunt for old issues.—Mrs. John L. Kramer—Pittsburgh, Pa.

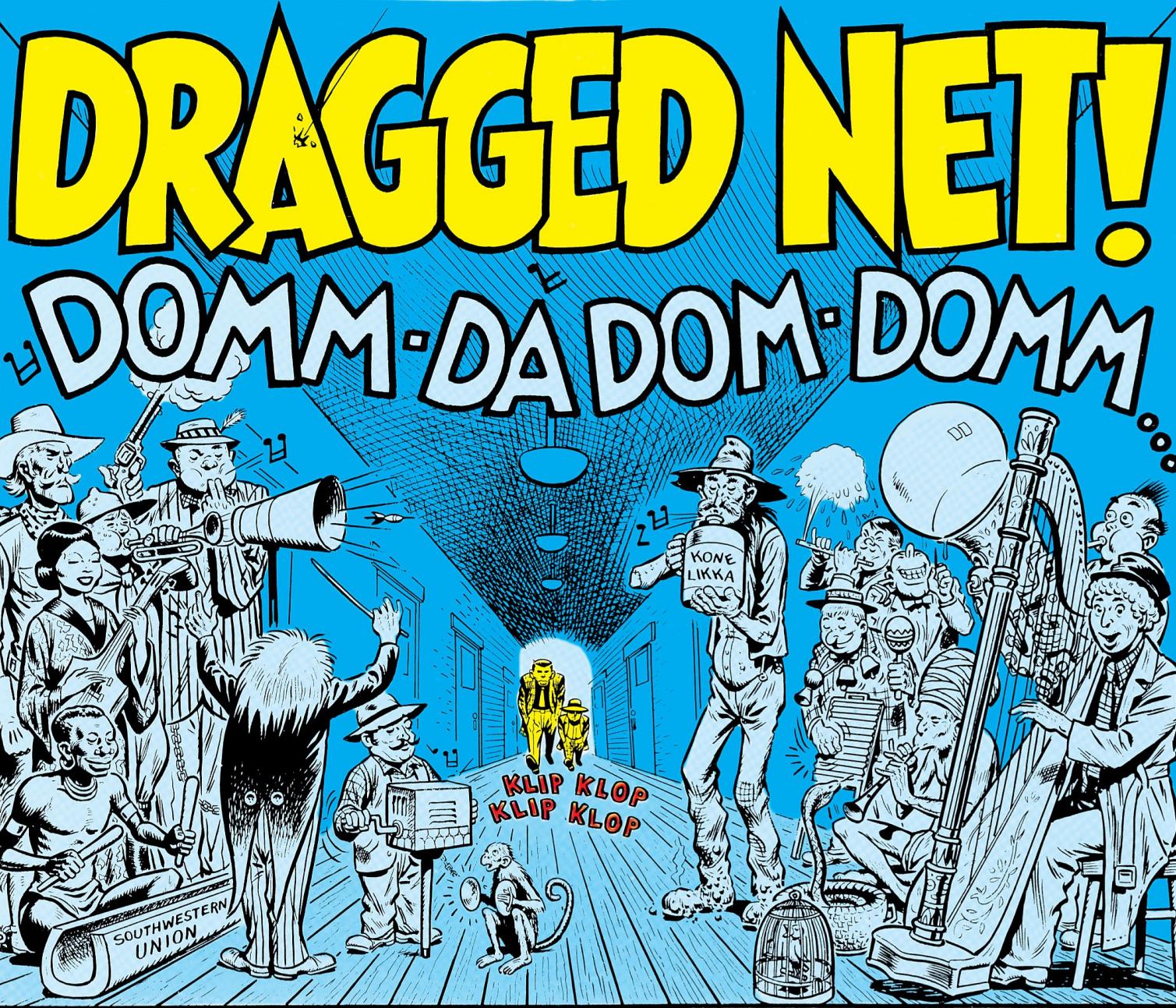
. . . I am fastened at the wonders of your comic book. Frankly I never thought that modern humans were so skrewy. (I do not understand your stories verry well for I am a cave man.—Zogg

. . . As I went to get your new mag. I fell right in a mud puddle and ruined my schoolbooks and had to pay for them. But nevertheless I bought the book and forgot my woes.—E.C. Fan-Addict No. 141.

Subscriptions to MAD . . . one buck for eight issues! Address for money or just plain fan-mail:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 11
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

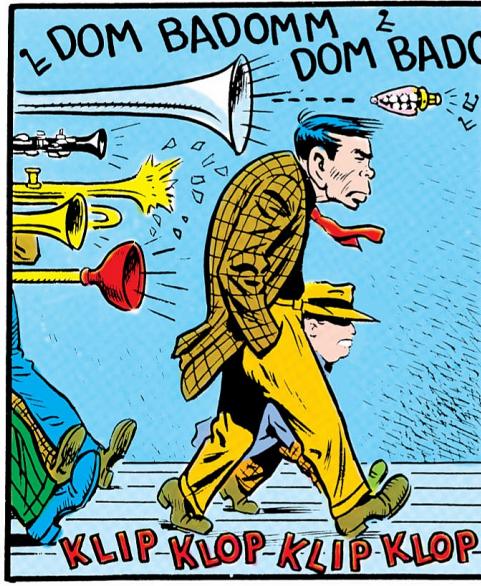
CRIME DEPT.: THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO HEAR IS FALSE!... ONLY THE NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THIS COMIC BOOK! AND NOW MAD COMIC BOOK, THE COMIC THAT IS HIGHEST IN QUALITY... LOWEST IN NICOTINE WITH NO IRRITATION TO NOSE, THROAT OR SINUSES... MAD COMIC BOOK AGAIN PRESENTS...

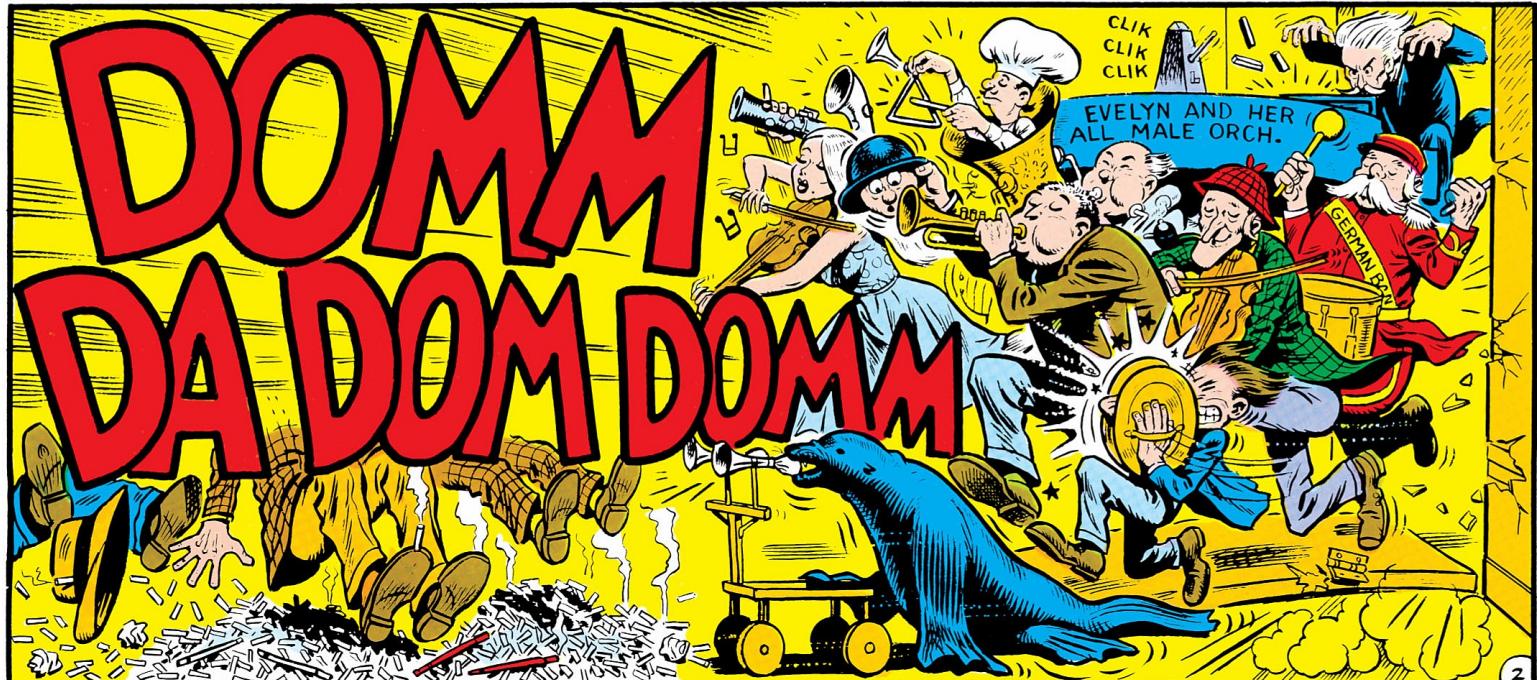
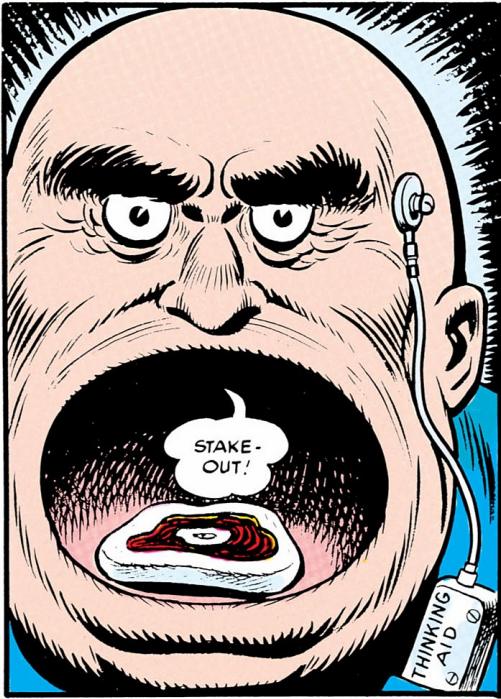
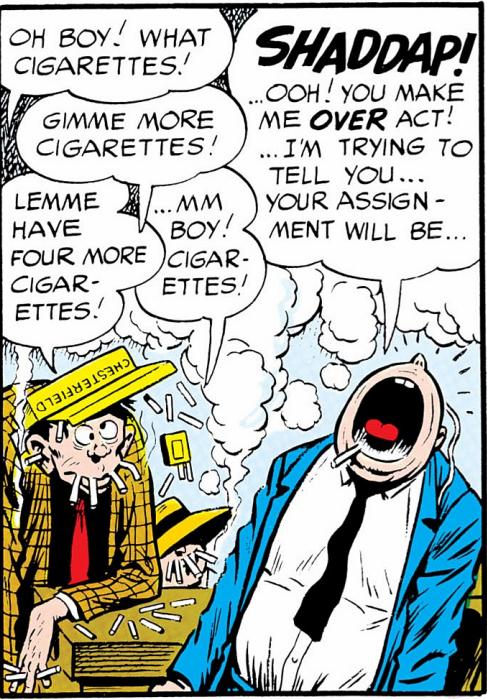
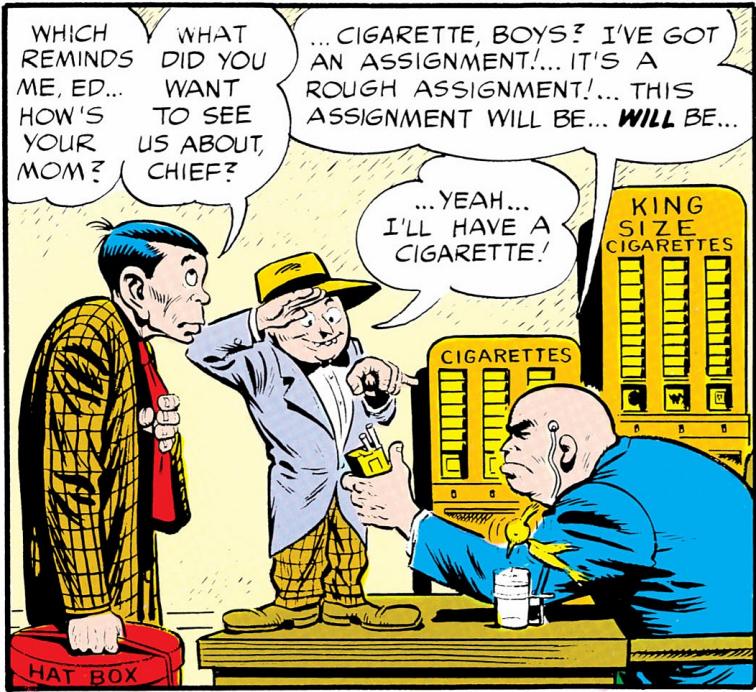
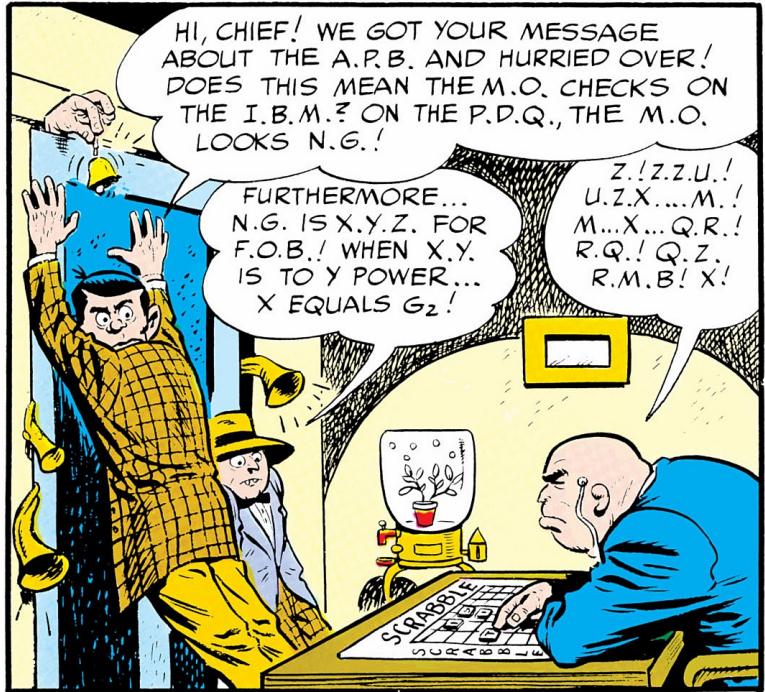


MY NAME IS DETECTIVE SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY! MY PARTNER IS ED SATURDAY! OUR CHIEF IS MIKE SUNDAY!

MONDAY! 9:30... MY PARTNER AND I WERE WORKING THE DAY WATCH OUT OF HOMICIDE ON MONDAY!

WE SHOULD'VE WORKED THE DAY WATCH OURSELVES BUT WE WORKED IT ON MONDAY... TOM MONDAY - HE'S THE JANITOR!

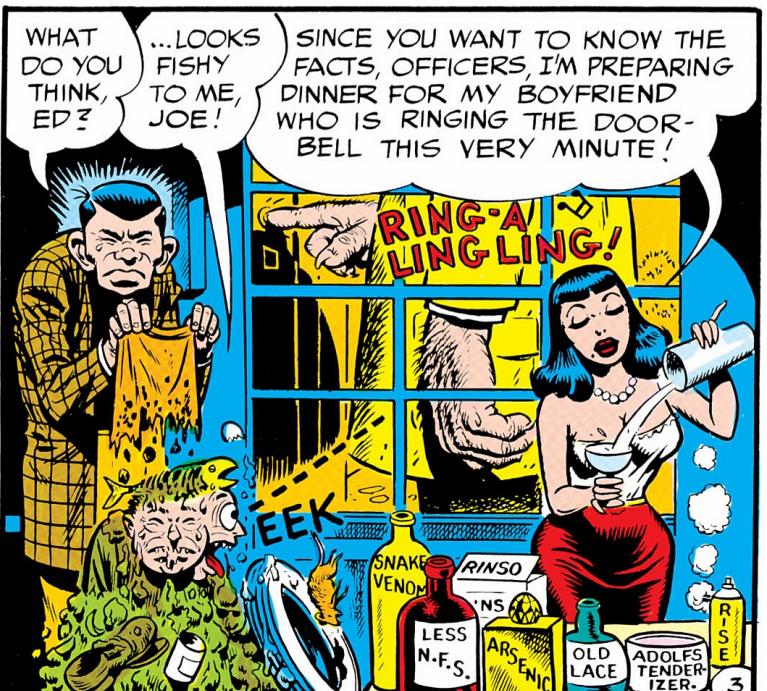
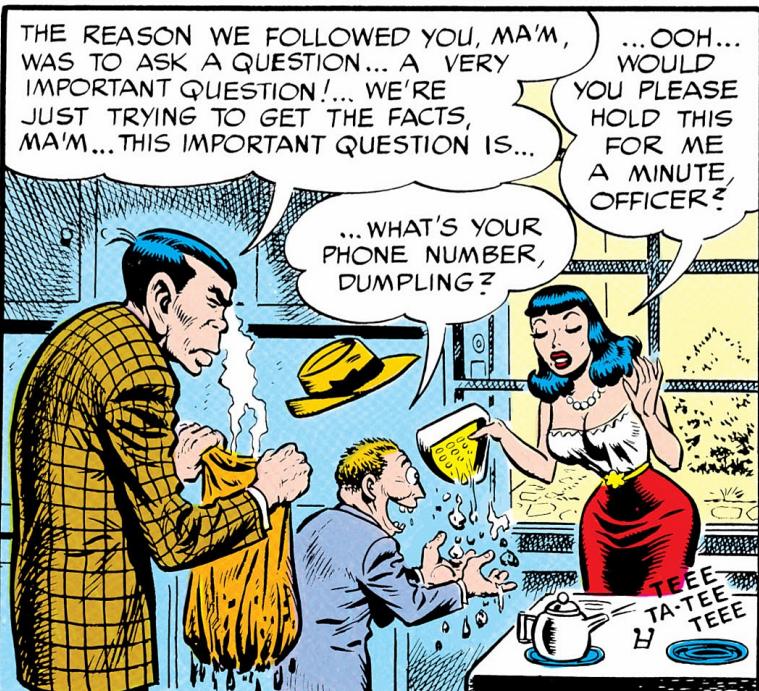
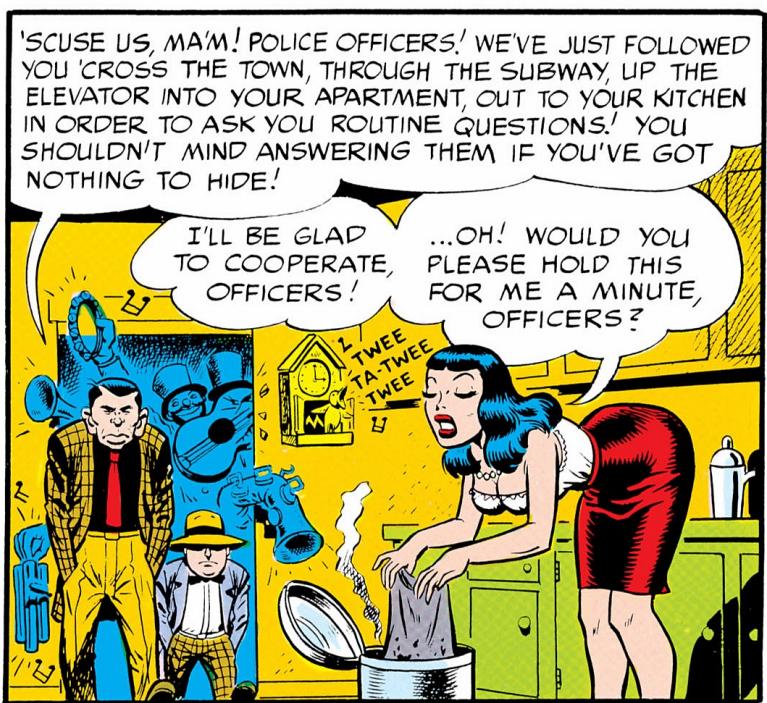
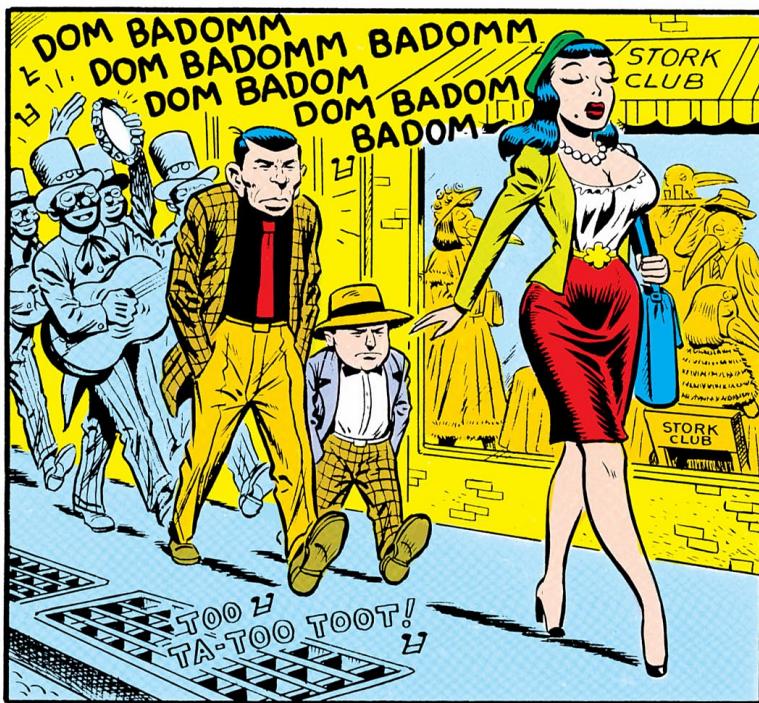
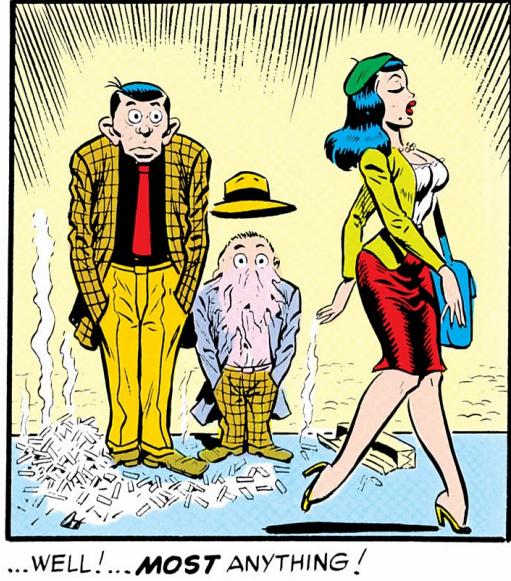
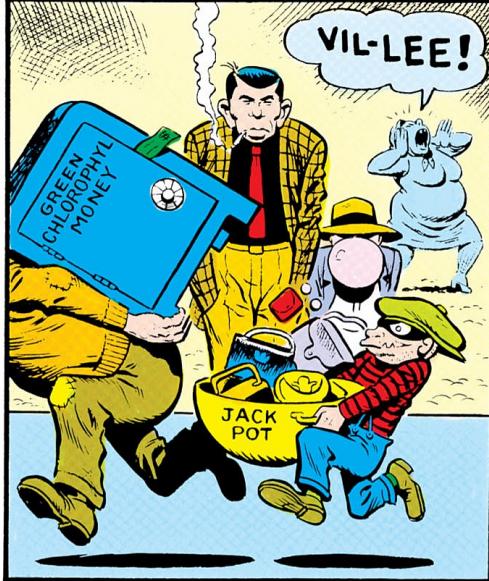




AT 9:30, WE WENT ON STAKE-OUT!
WHEN ONE IS ON STAKE-OUT, ONE
MUSTN'T LET ANYTHING DISTRACT ONE!

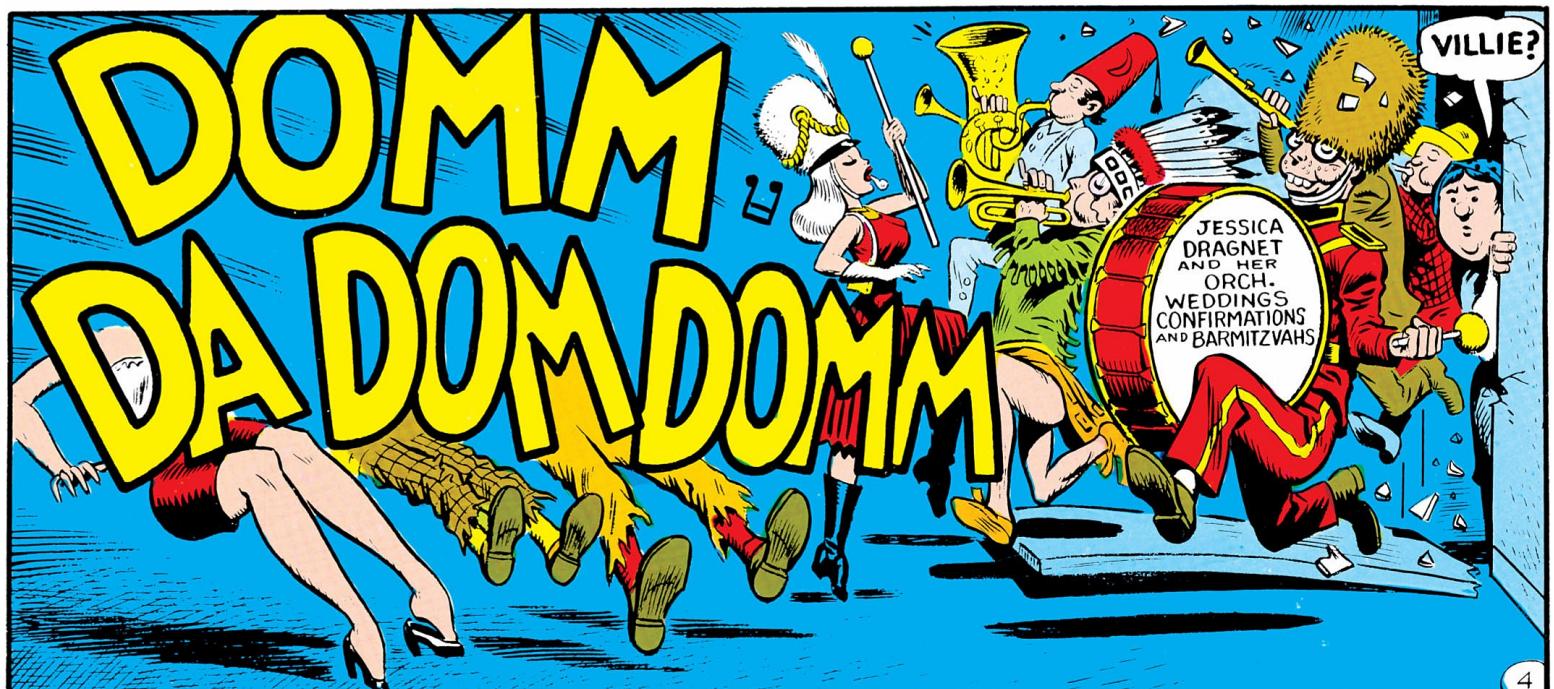
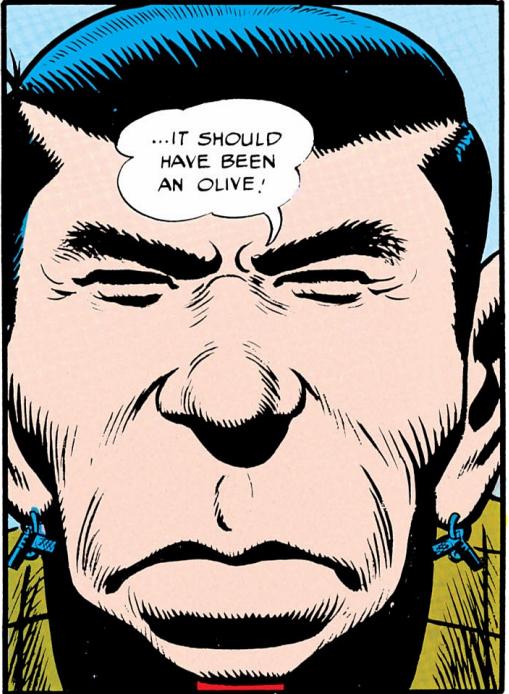
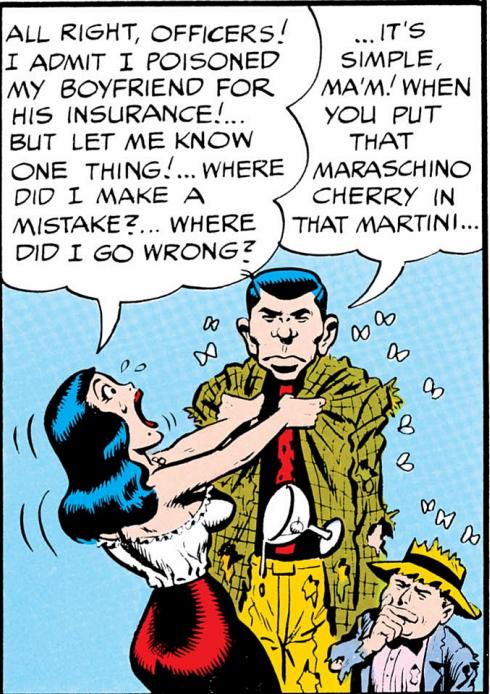
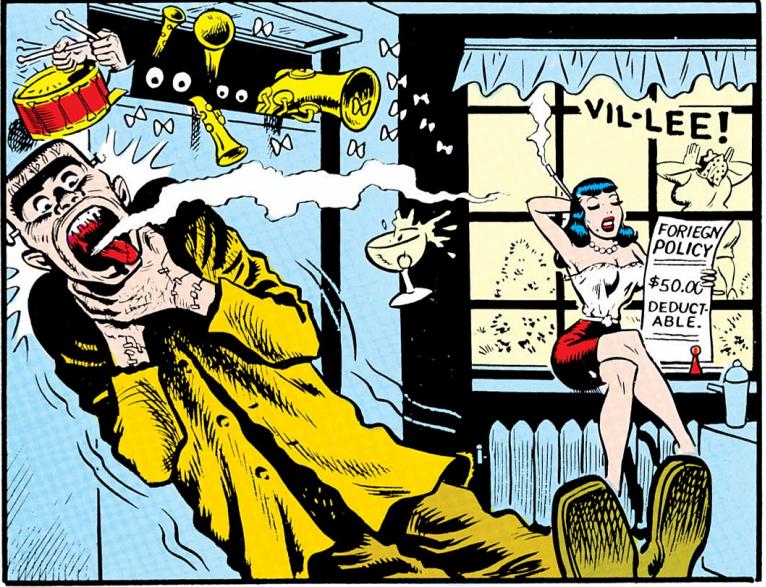
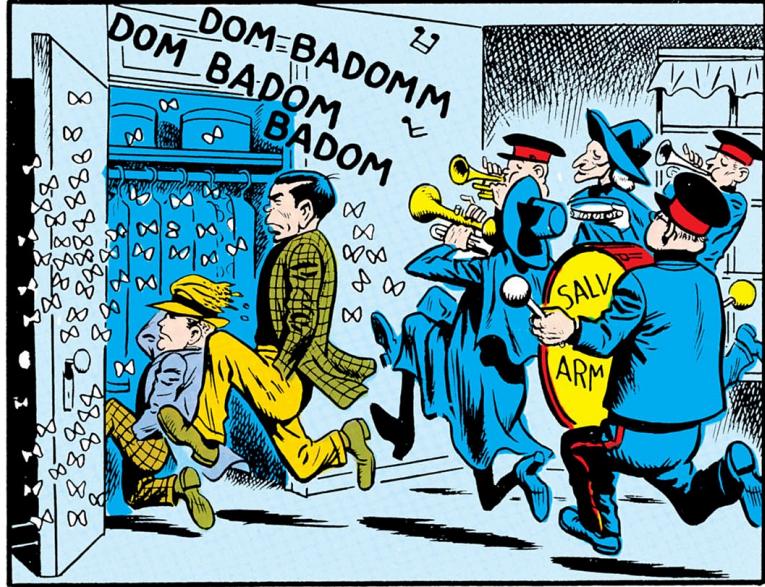
AT FIRST WHEN THE CHIEF SENT US
ON STAKE-OUT... WE RAN TO A RES-
TAURANT!...WE THOUGHT HE MEANT STEAK-OUT!

...NOW WE'RE ON STAKE-OUT... SPECIAL
ASSIGNMENT... AND ONE MUSTN'T LET ANY-
THING DISTRACT ONE WHILE ON STAKE-OUT...



WE DECIDED TO HIDE IN THE CLOSET BECAUSE SOMETHING **WAS** FISHY... ESPECIALLY SINCE ED HAD BROUGHT THE BAG OF GARBAGE INTO THE CLOSET WITH US!

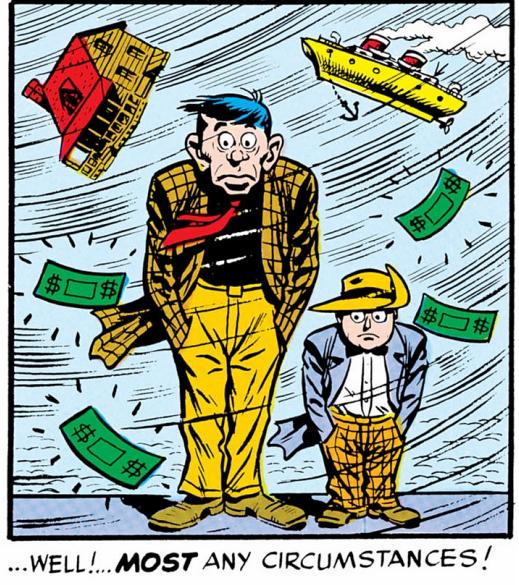
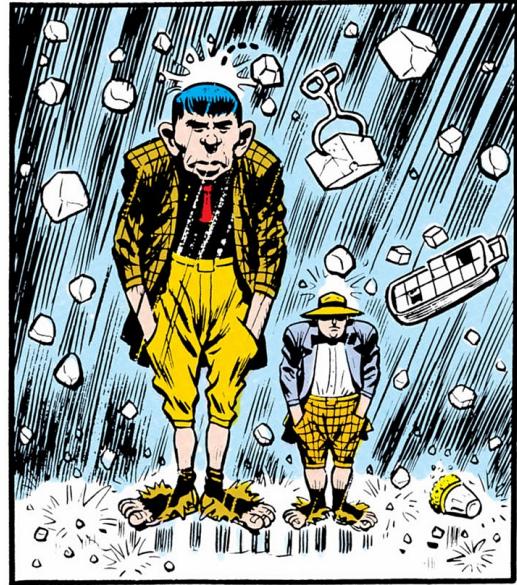
...AT 9:30, WE SAW HER BOYFRIEND WALK IN! WE SAW HIM SHOW THE GIRL A BRAND NEW INSURANCE POLICY WITH HER AS THE BENEFICIARY!... WE SAW HER MIX HIM A MARTINI...



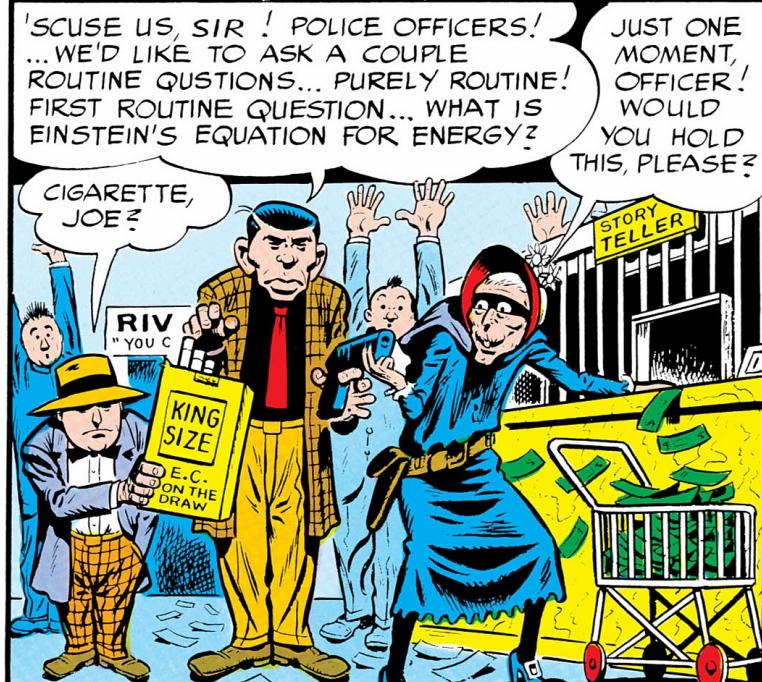
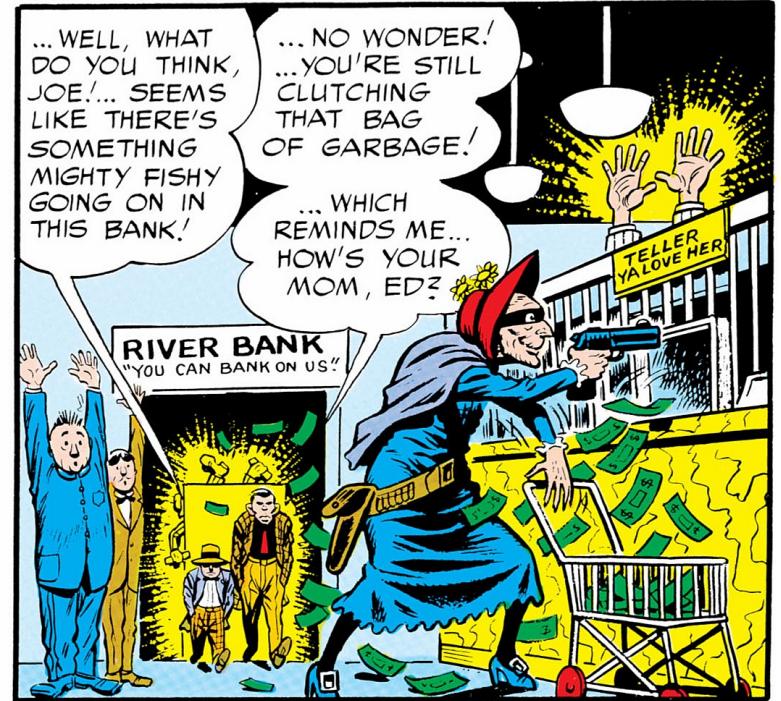
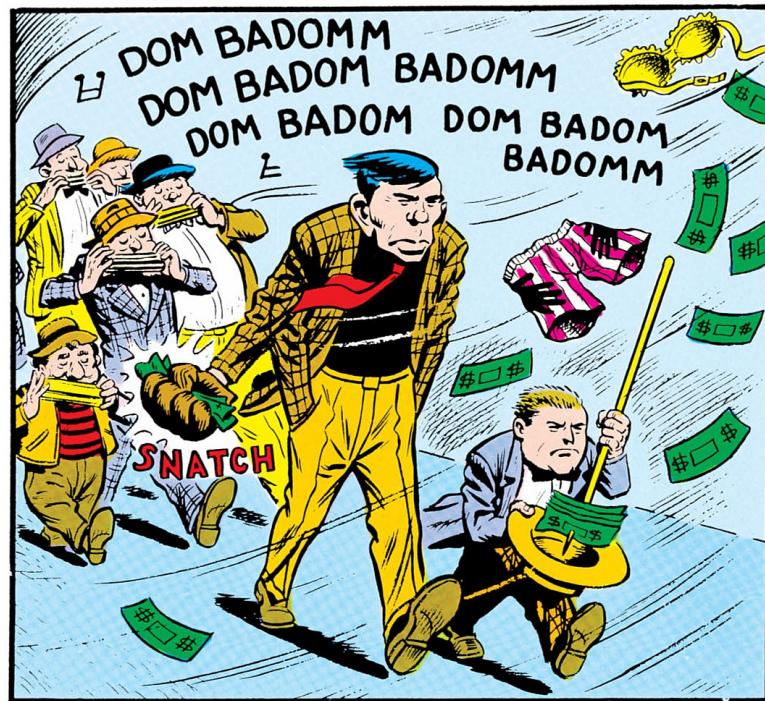
AT 9:30, WE WENT BACK TO OUR STAKE-OUT... OUR ASSIGNMENT, WATCHING AND WAITING AT THIS CORNER!

...A LITTLE LATER, AT 9:30, THE HAIL WAS REPLACED BY SNOW... BUT WE WERE ON STAKE-OUT...

...AND WHEN ONE IS ON STAKE-OUT, ONE MUST NOT... ABSOLUTELY MUST NOT LEAVE ONE'S POST UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES!



...WELL!... MOST ANY CIRCUMSTANCES!



'SCUSE US, SIR ! POLICE OFFICERS!
...WE'D LIKE TO ASK A COUPLE
ROUTINE QUESTIONS... PURELY ROUTINE!
FIRST ROUTINE QUESTION... WHAT IS
EINSTEIN'S EQUATION FOR ENERGY?

CIGARETTE, JOE?

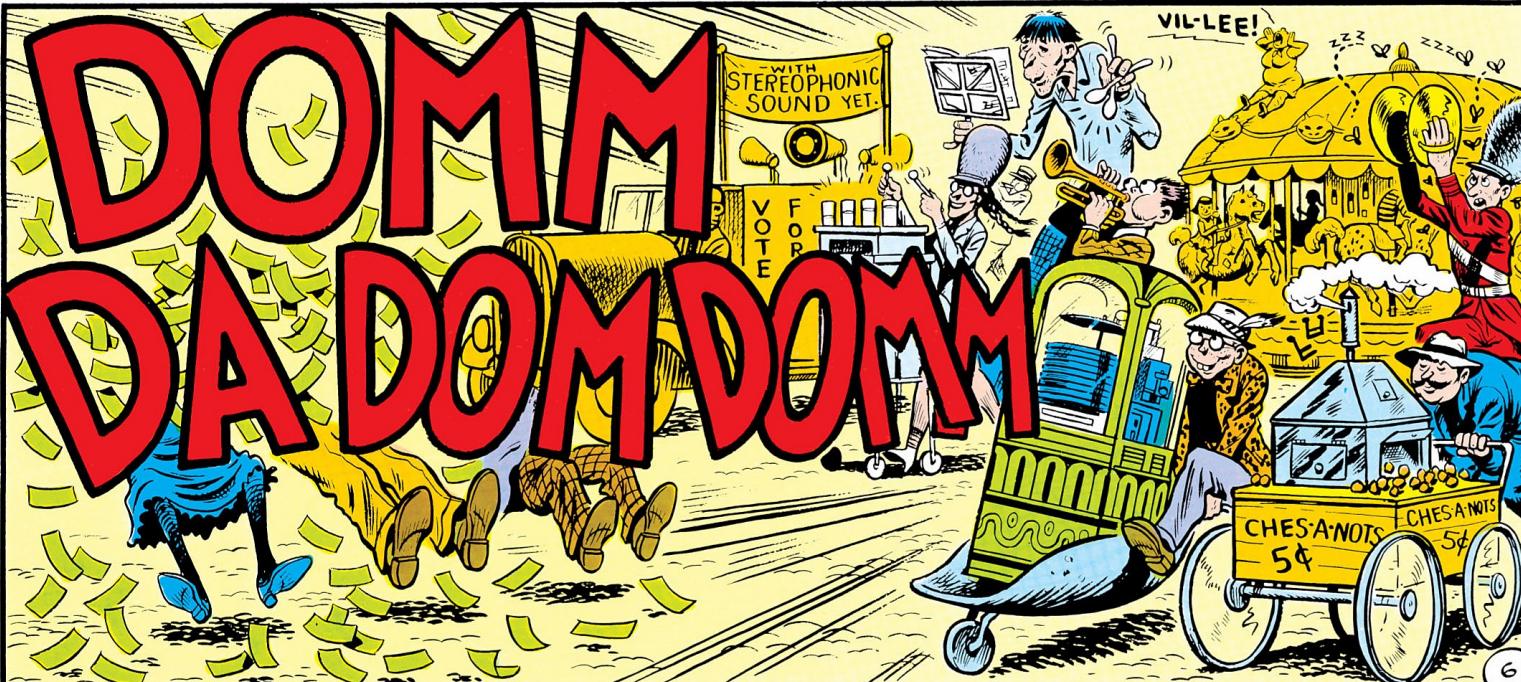
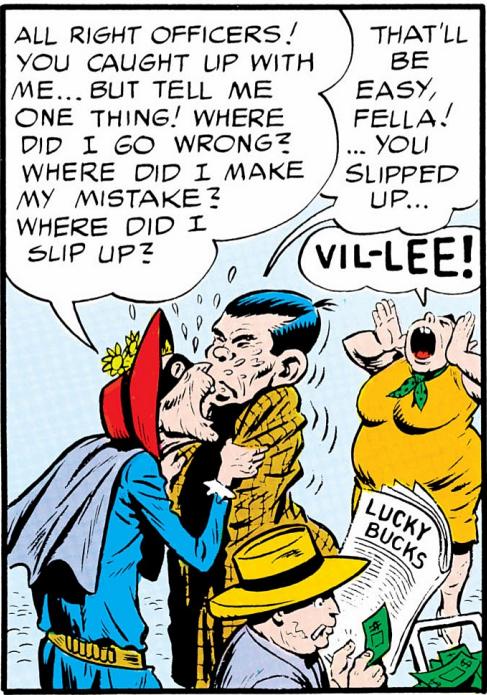
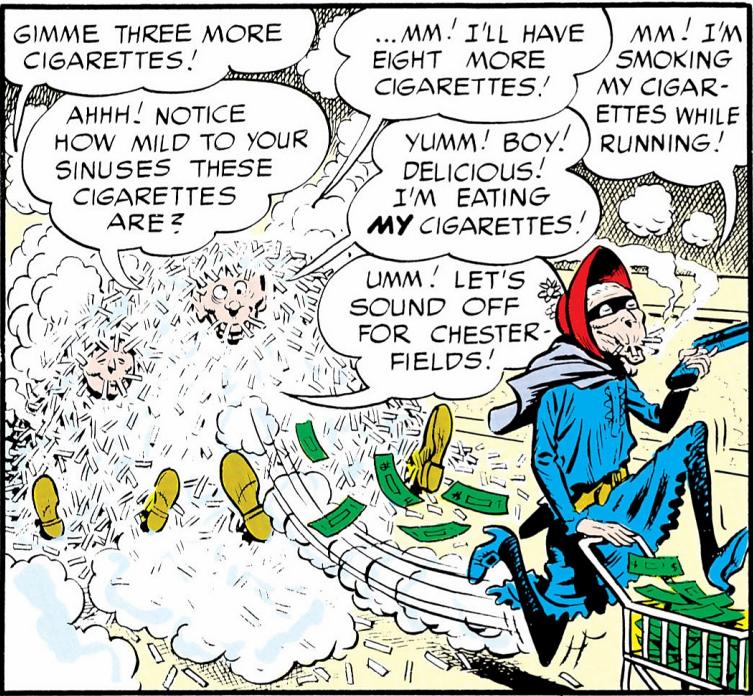
JUST ONE
MOMENT,
OFFICER!
WOULD
YOU HOLD
THIS, PLEASE?



YEAH, I'LL HAVE A CIGARETTE!
LEMME HAVE FOUR CIGARETTES!

...I THINK I'LL HAVE
SIX CIGARETTES!

'SCUSE
ME, OFFICER!
...WOULD YOU
HOLD THIS
PLEASE?

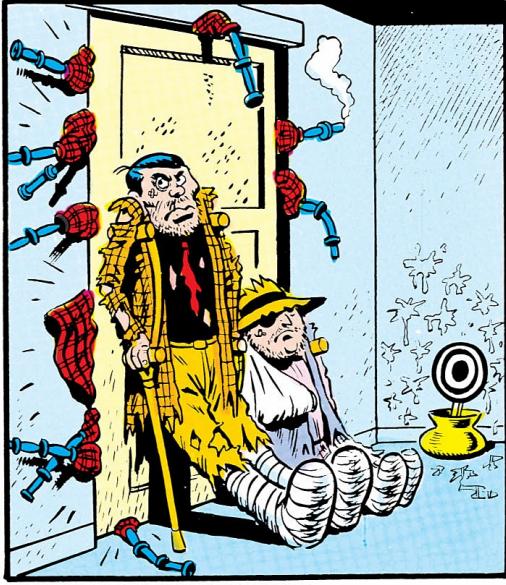
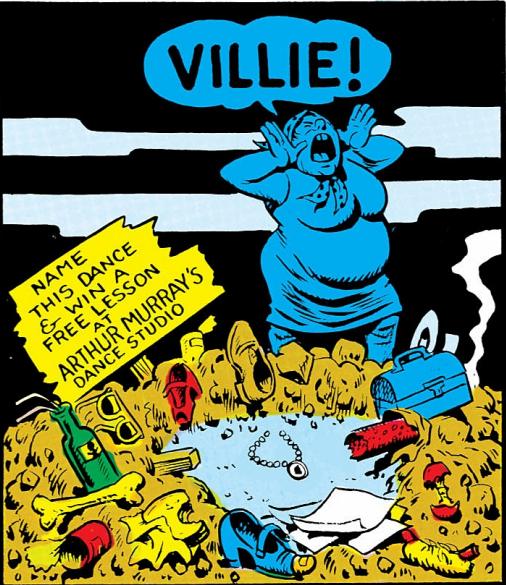


AT 9:30, WE LEFT OUR STAKE-OUT! WE LEFT OUR STAKE-OUT BECAUSE WE HAD GOTTEN WHAT WE WAITED FOR!

...WE HAD GOTTEN WHAT OUR CHIEF HAD SENT US FOR AND SO WE LEFT THE NEON ILLUMINATED STREETS...

...WE LEFT THE CLASHING AND THE THROBBING OF BROADWAY, 'CAUSE BROADWAY WAS OUR BEA... **HEY! WRONG PROGRAM!**

VILLIE!



WELL, BOYS!
THAT WAS A
LONG STAKE-OUT!
YOU WATCHED AND
WAITED FOR SIX
MONTHS!... NOW
TELL ME... DID YOU
BRING BACK WHAT
YOU WATCHED
AND WAITED FOR?

YES, WE DID, CHIEF! BUT WE KNOW
THAT THE MOMENT I TELL YOU
WHAT WE BROUGHT BACK, THE
FURSHLUGGINER ORCHESTRA
WILL BURST IN HERE WITH THAT
BLASTED '**DOMM-DADOM-**
DOMM'! SO LET'S ALL GET
READY TO RUN WHEN I TELL!



READY?
O.K.!

...WHAT WE STAKED-OUT
FOR SIX MONTHS FOR...
WHAT WE FINALLY
BROUGHT BACK WAS...
**TWO OF THE FIRST
TICKETS SOLD AT
THE BOX-OFFICE FOR
THE WORLD SERIES
BASEBALL GAME...**

**STOP
TALKING!
LET'S GET
THE HECK
OUTTA
HERE!**

